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RELAX IN

DAKS

THE FAMOUS COMFORT

IN ACTION TRUNKS

Whiteaways

HONGKONG & KOWLOON

No. 36059

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1955.

Price 30 Cents

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

Butler's Action

THE sudden, almost surprising ferment which has engulfed Britain over the disclosure of new stresses in the nation's economy and the drastic steps taken by Chancellor Butler to deal with the high rate of internal spending has left the average taxpayer somewhat bewildered and perplexed. For months now he has been nurtured on an optimistic appraisal of the country's economic condition.

He had been led to expect by well-informed observers and commentators that in view of the fact that 1955 may well be election year, tax reductions this April were a distinct possibility. Quite suddenly the atmosphere changes. Up goes the Bank rate to 4½ per cent and the Government clamps down on hire purchase of consumer goods. And regardless of the prospects of a general election this year there would now seem to be no chance of tax reductions. In fact, the Chancellor will be doing well to keep tax rates at present levels.

It is bad luck for the Tories that the stresses should become obvious at such a time for they can expect little public sympathy in their attempts to justify steps taken to cope with the situation. The brakes have been applied to the current spending spree because the country is buying goods without the money to pay for them.

Generous loan terms and hire purchase schemes enabled the people to do this. The Government's ultimate objective is to bring about a balance between exports and increased imports. The aim therefore must be to increase the amount of goods available for export and at the same time reduce internal demand for imported goods by withdrawing liberal credit facilities. This the Government is attempting to do.

For some time past, economists have been alarmed by Britain's wave of extravagance. With the ending of austerity and the advent of higher wages, spending has risen to lavish proportions. Certainly some check was necessary. What is puzzling, however, is why the Chancellor, who is noted for his cautious and conservative handling of the departmental reins, acted so impetuously this week when he had obviously been aware of the danger for some time. His almost convulsive manipulation of the Bank rate has startled and alarmed the country.

BRITAIN TURNS THE CORNER

SAYS BUTLER Claims New Financial Measures Are Success

London, Feb. 25.

Mr R. A. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer, said here today that the first reactions to the new financial measures and hire purchase restrictions announced yesterday by the government were good — "we have already taken the necessary turn."

Sterling had recovered, he added both on the official and unofficial rates.

Yesterday Mr Butler raised the bank rate — key to the cost of borrowing money — by one per cent to four and a half per cent.

The Chancellor told a meeting of the National Production Advisory Council, "Whether we can hold on to that turn, I would not dare prophesy. But I am satisfied we have taken it."

Mr Butler told the Council that Britain's trade gap—the excess of imports over exports—had recently widened and gold and dollar reserves were not rising.

"In the first half of 1954, trade figures were better than in the corresponding period of 1953," he added. "But in the second half, the opposite was true."

"For this there were two reasons: first, the terms of trade have recently moved against us. Early last year, the fall in the import prices caused as a consequence of buoyant world demand."

"These changes have made a considerable difference in our import bill."

IMPORT PRICES UP
By this January, import prices were six per cent higher than any year earlier and a six per cent rise adds almost £200 million a year to the cost of our imports.

"Export prices meanwhile have been virtually steady since the middle of 1953 as a result of keen competition in overseas markets."

Mr Butler added: "At the same time, the volume of imports is rising without any evidence as yet of a marked forward movement in exports."

He added: "These changes in our overseas trade, I have described, are not violent and the fundamental position is sound."

In the export market, Mr Butler said: "Stiff competition is now the rule. Japan, Germany and the United States have their salesmen in every corner of the globe and restrictions against dollar goods which have been a feature of the post-war world are fast being dismantled."

"Under these conditions, the task before this country in increasing its actual share of world trade is formidable," he added.

RUSH BY INVESTORS

London, Feb. 25.
Foreign money has been rushing to London from all European centres today. Dealers in the foreign exchange market report they had one of the heaviest days business since the markets reopened after the war.

Sterling improved against all European currencies. Stock-brokers say much of the foreign money is being invested in Stock Exchange securities, particularly in companies with big international interests, such as Shell, British Petroleum and Bowater.

Various reasons were being given for the new foreign interest in London. It was pointed out that interest rates here were now extremely attractive compared with those abroad and may lead to short-term money being deposited in London.

NEW CONFIDENCE

The important factor is the new confidence inspired by the Bank of England's decision to support the rate at which transferable sterling is quoted abroad.

Following the decision, the rate has climbed to 2.74½ dollars from the low level of 2.72. A rising trend in the rate means that foreign investors who put money into London can hope to make an exchange profit.

A consequence of the new foreign investments which were made here today has been the sharp fall in premium at which dollar securities were quoted on the market here. This premium declined to one per cent today from two per cent yesterday.

Fishermen To Be Repatriated

Washington, Feb. 25.
The American government has taken steps to repatriate to Communist China seven fishermen from the Chinese island of Hainan who were saved by American air force planes last May. They are expected to be repatriated next Tuesday.

The fishermen had been shipwrecked on the Paracel Islands, 300 miles from the Indo-China coast. They were taken to Manila and expressed a desire to return to Hainan.

All This Is In The China Mail

Here are the highlights of this Saturday's China Mail feature section:
P. 5: World's Strangest Story, Gills.
P. 6: The Great Gambler; our new series begins.
P. 7: The Secret Exploits of the Cloak and Dagger Squadron; another new series beginning this week.
P. 8: The Archbishop of Canterbury writes on divorce.
P. 9: Week-end Woman-scene.
P. 13: A social welfare case worker does her rounds in Hongkong.
P. 16 & 17: Latest local and overseas sports reviews.

Explorer Claims He Was Cheated

Stockholm, Feb. 25.

Swedish police were today investigating the claims of a young Swedish engineer, Leo Komstedt, who alleged that a beautiful Norwegian woman, once a Gestapo agent, embezzled the money he entrusted to her while he went off to South Africa to try to capture a Couagga, a rare beast that is one-third zebra, one-third donkey and one-third horse.

Komstedt claimed that he left 60,000 Swedish crowns (\$12,000) with Astrid, a Dorville-Duili-Dahlgren on the understanding that she would make the necessary arrangements to forward the money for his expedition.

Komstedt, who is at present living in extreme poverty in Tangle where he has taken a job as a photographer, informed the police that he waited in vain in Johannesburg for Astrid to send on his money. He further claimed that when his father learned he was in difficulty he handed over another 10,000 crowns (\$2,000) to the woman for forwarding, and this sum too never reached him.

—France-Press.

Still Seeking Ceasefire

New York, Feb. 25.

Sir Pierson Dixon, Britain's permanent United Nations delegate, said in Boulder, Colorado, today that consultation, study and diplomatic contacts were still going on in an effort to achieve a ceasefire in the Formosa Strait.

"What is required," he said, "is for the Peking Government to be brought to agree as a first stage not to try to obtain their objectives by force. They may not give up these objectives, but they must recognize that they will not achieve them by fighting."

Sir Pierson Dixon, speaking at the University of Colorado, said it might be necessary to use a method other than through the United Nations "either a conference or normal diplomatic channels." —Reuter.

NSW Floods Worst In Australia's History

Sydney, Feb. 25.

The most disastrous floods in Australia's history have engulfed the east coast area of New South Wales and 30,000 square miles have already been devastated.

In the rich wheat and wool area around Dubbo, 300 miles west of Sydney, 300 people were tonight unaccounted for. The lives of many hundreds of people were feared for as the rescue operations were inadequate to deal with the huge rescue problem.

N. KOREA'S OFFER TO JAPAN

London, Feb. 25.

North Korean Foreign Minister Nam H today stated North Korean government's willingness to negotiate with Japan on relations between the two countries, the New China News Agency said in a Pyongyang dispatch quoted by Peking Radio.

"The government of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea declares its positive response to the recent statement of the Japanese Prime Minister, Mr. Hatoyama, who in that statement expressed his willingness to hold negotiations as well as to improve the economic relations with the Republic; and consequently is prepared to discuss with the Japanese government problems regarding the establishment and development of trade and cultural relations as well as other Korean-Japanese relations," the statement said.

"The establishment of the above-mentioned relations between Japan and the Democratic People's Republic of Korea is not only in accordance with the vital interests of the Korean and Japanese people, but will also be highly conducive to the preservation of peace in the Far East as well as to the relaxation of international tension," the statement added.

—Reuter.

STOP PRESS

Test Again Rained Out

Sydney, Feb. 25.

Continuing rain again prevented the start of the fifth and final Test match between Australia and England today.

Len Hutton and Ian Johnson, the two captains, decided that no play was possible today after inspecting the ground this morning. —Reuter.

Hongkong's Footballer Of The Year

In 1954 the China Mail instituted a popularity poll to ascertain Hongkong's Footballer of the Year.

The title, and with it a China Mail cup, was deservedly won by Michael Granger, the Army goalkeeper.

It is the intention of the China Mail to make this search for Hongkong's Footballer of the Year an annual event. Each year the winner will receive an inscribed trophy to commemorate his achievement.

In order to give soccer fans plenty of opportunity for taking part in this poll before the current season ends, a nomination coupon is published today on page 16, and this will appear every day in the sports pages of the China Mail until entries close.

The two qualifications for the Footballer of the Year are (a) playing ability, (b) sportsmanship on the field of play. Send in your nomination NOW.

Rare Honour For French Philosopher

London, Feb. 25.

Queen Elizabeth has made Dr Albert Schweitzer, 80-year-old French philosopher and humanitarian, an Honorary Member of the Order of Merit—one of the highest awards the British monarchy can bestow—it was officially announced tonight.

The order is limited to 24 members with special provision for honorary membership for foreigners.

President Eisenhower is the only other foreign member.

Dr Schweitzer has lived and worked for most of 40 years in the humble missionary hospital in Lambarene, in the jungle in French Equatorial Africa. The Order of Merit was introduced in 1917 as a special distinction for "certain men and women." Unlike most high honours bestowed by the British Monarchy, it carries no title.

—Reuter.

Request For More Atomic Subs

Washington, Feb. 25.

The United States Navy Department today asked Congress for authorization to build three new atomic-propelled submarines, as well as a fifth super aircraft carrier.

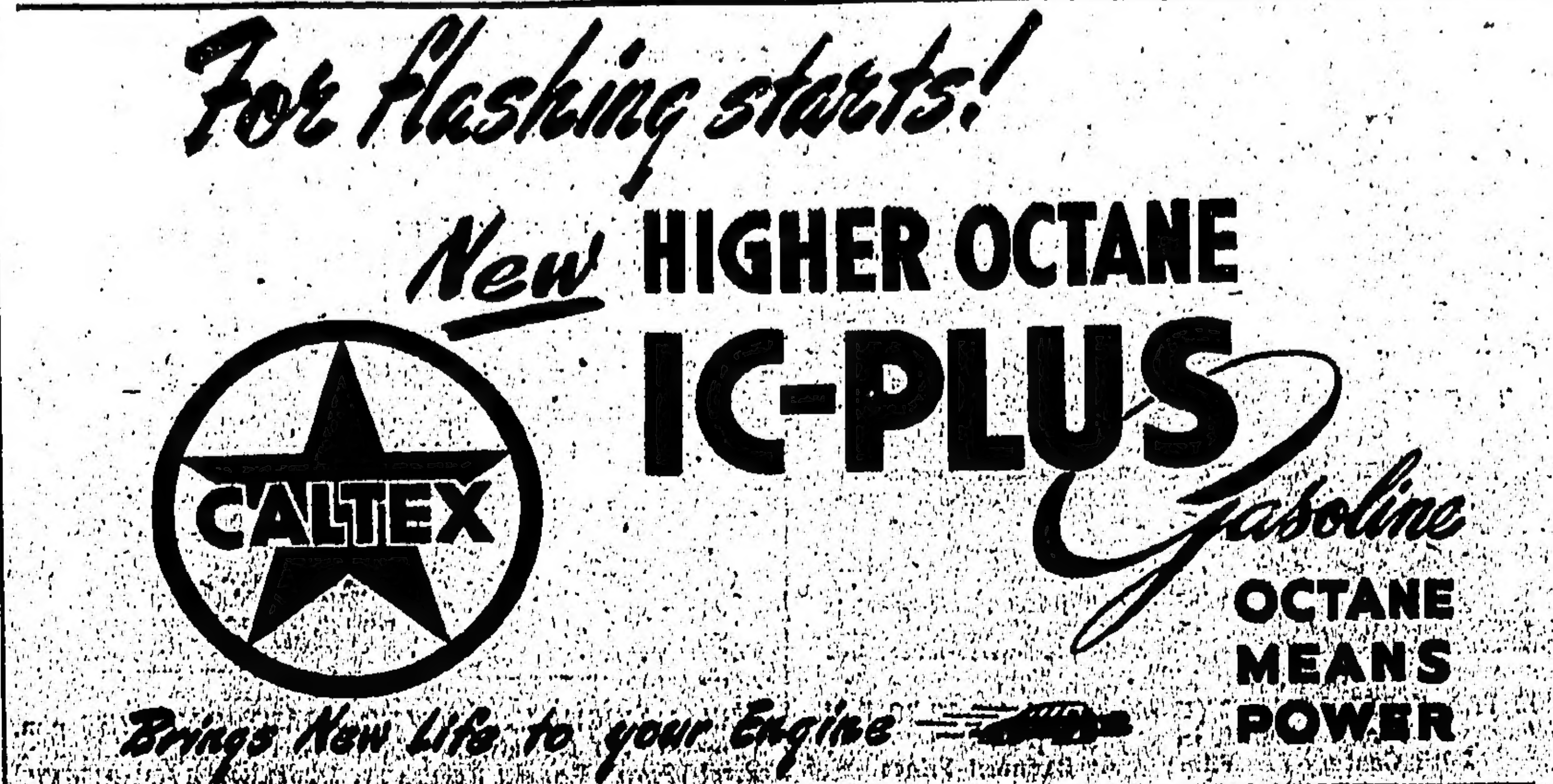
Navy Secretary Charles S. Thomas presented his case before the Senate Armed Services Committee, meeting in executive session, but part of his testimony was later made public. —France-Press.



SANTAL SOAP

ROGER & GALLET

PARFUMEURS PARIS



For flashing starts!

New HIGHER OCTANE
IC-PLUS

CALTEX

Brings New Life to your Engine

Castrol

OCTANE
MEANS
POWER



Which drink
is a beauty treatment?

The pleasantest way to keep your skin clear and youthful is to drink a glass of lime juice at night and morning. For this refreshing drink with its cool, clean tang, purifies the blood. Nature's own beauty secret. Get a bottle of lime juice today and start the 'treatment' tonight! And let all your family share the benefits of drinking lime juice regularly.

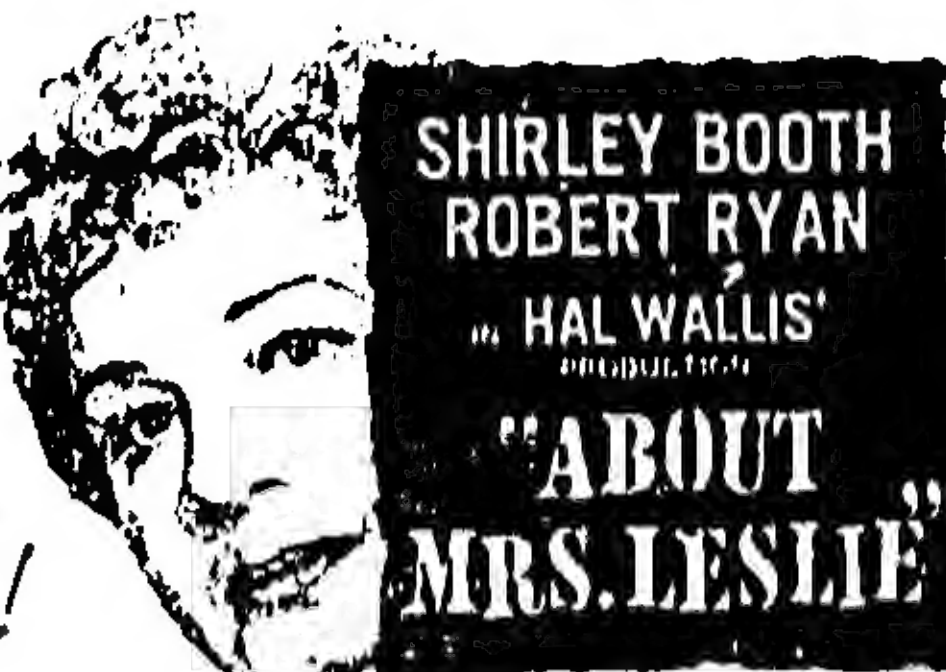
Lime Juice for clear complexions
The best you can buy is Rose's

KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

OPENING TO-DAY

It's about Mrs. Leslie... and the man she never quite married!



Directed by MARIE MILLAR, ALEX NICOL
ADDED: SPECIAL ATTRACTION

VISTAVISION VISITS NORWAY
A PARAMOUNT SHORT, COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

KING'S at 11.30 a.m. PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS Programme of Tech. Cartoons & the 3 Stooges by Columbia
Presented by 20th Century Fox
Admissions: \$1.00 & \$1.50 At Reduced Prices

PRINCESS

TO-MORROW at 12.20 p.m.

Jaimani Dowin presents a super Indian film

"RAMMAN"

Starring Meena • Karan Dewan • Purnima & Om Prakash
At Regular Prices

CAPITOL LIBERTY

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

ON PANORAMIC SCREEN

The Most Exciting Air Adventure Ever Filmed!
U.S. JET FIGHTERS IN KOREAN WAR
Based on Michener's Story
"CASE OF THE BLIND PILOT"
(EXTRA SHOW ON SUNDAY AT 12.30 P.M.)

TORN OUT OF A TORTURED SKY!

THRILLS IN COLOR! SMASHING THROUGH THE THRILL BARRIER...

MGM'S THUNDERING DRAMA THAT HAS ALL THE FURY, SWEEP AND POWER OF THE NAVY'S GREATEST WEAPON... THE JET PILOT!

MEN OF THE FIGHTING LADY

STARRING: VAN JOHNSON, WALTER PIDGEON, LOUIS CALHORN, DEWEY MARTIN, KEENAN WYNN, FRANK LOVEJOY

NEW YORK GREAT WORLD

Causeway Bay, Tel. 78721 Kowloon, Tel. 53500

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THEY FOUGHT FOR HAPPINESS IN A WORLD THAT WOULD NOT LET THEM LOVE!
ODILE VERSOIS
DAVID KNIGHT in



Directed by GEORGE YARLES, DAVID KESSELY
Screenplay by George Yarnall and Eugene Garrity • Directed by Anthony Aspin • Produced by Anthony Aspin

FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

Several first run cinemas are repeating films already released here, the Capitol and Liberty going over almost entirely to second runs when the present picture finishes.

"Men of the Fighting Lady" is one of the better war pictures, and does not rely on action alone for its interest.

The cast is headed by some names that, provided they are given good material, often respond with good performances. Keenan Wynn is one and Van Johnson another and their showing this time is quite up to standard.

They seem to be typing Johnson as rather a stern young man with a strong sense of duty—it's still a novel contrast to his parts as Esther Williams' partner, but I hope they don't keep it up too long.

Keenan Wynn is a little harder than usual, but having heard him say that all he wants to do is get the fighting over and get back to his family, we're pretty certain what his fate is going to be.

The young boxer who was with him in "Tennessee Camp" is again on the team, this time with a more straightforward part. Dewey Martin is his partner, not the best of choices I feel.

Walter Pidgeon is the avuncular Commander.

A TRIUMPH

I took pages and pages of notes when I went to see "A Star Is Born" but am tempted to discard them and reconstruct the picture from memory.

The excessive length that some American and British audiences seem to complain of doesn't make the attention wander, unless you dislike Judy Garland—in which case you'd avoid the picture anyway, but I would like to have seen a more obvious improvement in her technique between her early unrecognised days and the final fadeout at the top of the tree.

Judy gives a consistently accomplished performance in every scene routine in the picture, demonstrating not how a star is born and developed, which is meant to be the point of the picture, but how her talent is recognised and exploited.

You may argue that a faulty performance in a number isn't entertaining and that there are other ways of indicating immaturity than by photographing a star doing less than her best, but it's still the most effective, if subtly treated.

In every other way this picture is a triumph. It's easy to see why it took so long. The publicity flowering about it from time to time during the making said that Judy Garland would not appear on the set when she was in the mood and this usually occurred at night; that James Mason wasn't caring how long it took because he was being paid by the day; that Judy Garland had refused to go on with the picture; that she'd refused to allow it to be cut, etc., etc.

All this of course only built up the tremendous expectation and sent the press book compilers scurrying to their dictionaries for new ways of dealing with "suspension". And now that it's finally reached here I think that all the interest stirred up about it by fair means and foul was warranted.

Not only Judy Garland, but James Mason are obviously nominees for awards for their performances and I'll take a good actor to steal the "best supporting role" trophy from Jack Carson.

Two weepy parts for even the most hardened to watch out for are Judy's song "Born in a Trunk" and the simple marriage ceremony between the two stars.

"A Star Is Born" is full of meaty, entertaining scenes, but my favourite is that in which Judy, now the successful star, comes home to her husband, fast becoming a has-been. His



James Mason and Judy Garland in a scene from "A Star Is Born".

The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

CAPITOL and LIBERTY: "Men of the Fighting Lady". Naval Air Arm action during the war in Korea. Van Johnson, Walter Pidgeon, Louis Calhern, Dewey Martin, Keenan Wynn, Frank Lovejoy.

EMPIRE: "Sabrina". Light comedy involving a chauffeur's daughter and the sons of the house. William Holden, Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn.

HOOVER: "The Little Girl Named Cabbage". A Chinese film.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "About Mrs. Leslie". The lady of the little looks at her turbulent past. Shirley Booth, Robert Ryan.

LEE: "The Princess and the Pirate". Not a new picture, but still Hope, Virginia Mayo, Walter Slezak, Walter Brennan, Victor McLaglen.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Young Lovers". Two ideologies and their innocent victims. Odile Versois, David Knight.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "A Star Is Born". Show business, its romance and tragedy. Judy Garland, James Mason, Jack Carson.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Long John Silver". Robert Louis Stevenson's famous character in some further adventures that his creator hadn't thought of. Robert Newton.

COMING

HOOVER: "Trouble In the Glen". An American Laird getting a chilly welcome from the Highlanders. Orson Welles, Margaret Lockwood, Forrest Tucker.

"Hell's Outpost". Outdoor picture concerning the disputed rights to a tungsten mine. Rod Cameron, Joan Leslie.

"Brigadoon". Musical whimsy in Bonnie Scotland. Gene Kelly and Cyd Charisse.

"Betrayed". Spies and counter-spies in Holland during the war. Lana Turner, Clark Gable, Victor Mature.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Playgirl". The pitfalls lying in wait for a country girl in the Big City. Shelley Winters, Barry Sullivan.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Arrow in the Dust". A western. Sterling Hayden, Colleen Gray.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Carmen Jones". A present day Carmen, red hot and black. Dorothy Dandridge, Harry Belafonte, Pearl Bailey.

heavy drinking had been put aside while he worked to build her into a successful actress, but now that she's on top and he's losing ground rapidly, bitterness begins to set in.

To divert him she caricatures the sort of production number in which one song is given to many different treatments that before they're all over you're heartily sick of the tune.

Dressed only in her practice costume, she manages, with the help of various ordinary props picked up at random from the sitting room, to convey the super-colossal epic dreamed up by her producer.

The touching way in which James Mason responds is in keeping with the note of pathos hit at intervals all through the film.

Even the terrible embarrassment of seeing a man cry can't spoil this picture.

LOVABLE ROGUE

"Treasure Island" is a story written, as everybody knows, for children, by Robert Louis Stevenson—a very clever author who didn't think that writing

though a pretty enough boy, hasn't had quite enough acting experience to tackle such a long part and the band of rogues accompanying Silver are indistinguishable one from another.

There are one or two scenic shots that the CinemaScope lens treats well and the colour is kind to the eyes.

18 YEARS LATER

Here's something I found in an American newspaper a friend was kind enough to pass to me:

"Clark Gable has just topped one of Spencer Tracy's gags. Quite an achievement because Tracy pulled the gag 18 years ago!

Framed and hanging on a wall in Gable's home is a fluttering Hongkong newspaper review of his 1937 movie, "Fanny", which was panned by critics everywhere. The now fading strongly that "On the Water-front" will make off with the Academy Award for best picture, best director and best male performance of the past year! And we shouldn't have seen it.

After being mobbed by fans in Hongkong recently during a film location there, Gable cabled Tracy four words:

"AND THEY STILL DO!"

Another joke on us will possibly be provided by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences in early March. It is being hinted strongly that "On the Water-front" will make off with the Academy Award for best picture, best director and best male performance of the past year! And we shouldn't have seen it.

There was a simplicity about "Jeux Interdits" that was disarming. The theme was the absorption of two children with the ghoulie game of stealing crosses to embellish a cemetery, that had started with the grave of the little girl's pet dog.

Here are no "moppets"—these two children seem completely unconscious of the camera. Attending the funeral of the boy's brother, their eyes meet when they see a particularly grand cross—"What a beauty," they intimate.

Their perfect timing and expression would make many adult players look like unheeded amateurs.

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QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

3 SHOWS DAILY AT 2.30, 5.30 & 9.00 P.M.



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOWS

QUEEN'S

4 SHOWS

"A Star Is Born"
EXTRA PERFORMANCE
AT 11.30 A.M.

ALHAMBRA

AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY

Abbott & Costello
Meets Captain Kidd
WB's Warner Color Hit!
Reduced Prices:
\$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY

Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
ROXY: At 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m. BROADWAY: At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.
THE FIRST TIME IN CINEMASCOPE!

CINEMASCOPE

Spans A New Horizon In

Adventure!

EASTMAN COLOR

Long John Silver

ROBERT NEWTON

KIT TAYLOR • CONNIE GILCHRIST • A JOSEPH KAUFMAN PRODUCTION

Presented by 20th Century-Fox

BOOK EARLY TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT!

ROXY & BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra

Performance at 12.00 Noon.

HOOVER

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

CHINA'S FOREMOST SCREEN ACTRESS

LI LI-HWA At her best

"THE LITTLE GIRL NAMED CABBAGE"

with Huang Ho — Wong Yuen Loong

Even the Empress Dowager was moved by her unusual beauty!!!

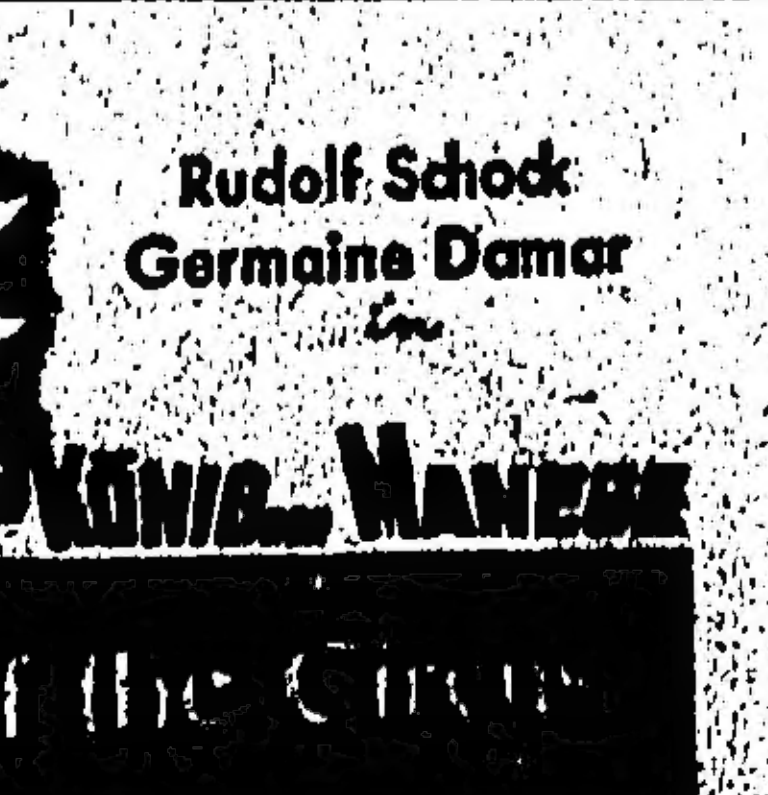
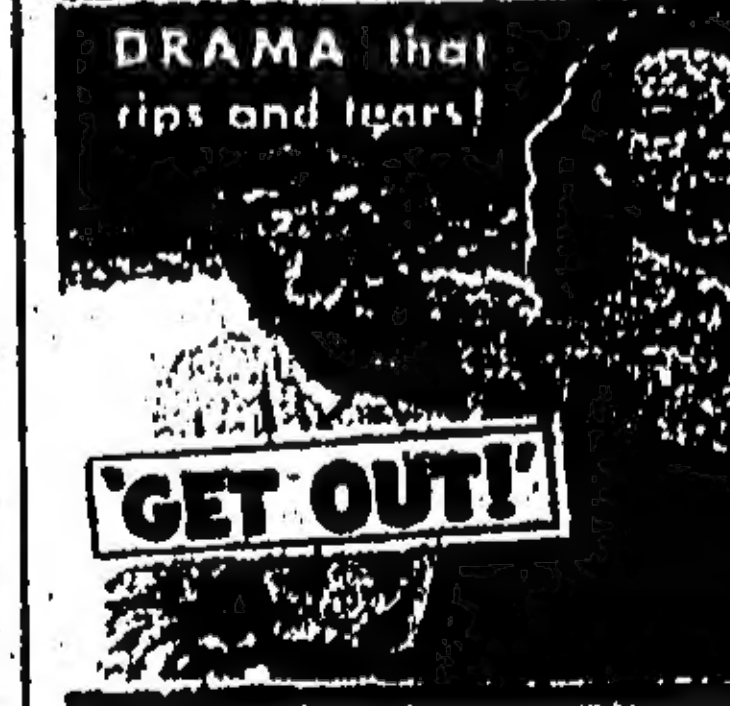
One of the four big strange cases in the history of the Ching Dynasty!!!

5 SHOWS ON SUNDAY: FIRST MATINEE AT 12 NOON

RITZ

SHOWING TO-DAY

FIRST SHOWING IN KOWLOON.



WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES

By Anna Marchand for the BROADWAY Theatre in London

Coming to the LEE THEATRE

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

THE CIRCUS THAT CAME TO THE END OF THE SAWDUST TRAIL

Manzanares, Spain. There is a ghost haunting a vacant lot in Manzanares—the ghost of a circus.

The circus is buried there. Unlike most circuses that come to town, this one never moved on. It came to the end of the sawdust trail.

Eighteen months ago the circus caravans rumbled in. It had a brass band and acrobats and clowns. It had lions and bears and monkeys and an elephant.

The children all thought it was a splendid circus. But it fell on hard times. Not enough people were coming to the big top. The owner did not

have enough money to pay the performers, and a clown does not feel much like clowning on an empty stomach.

The Cast Leave

The 35 members of the cast decided they could continue no longer. They left the circus, one by one, and went off to get jobs that paid well.

Everybody left except a dwarf named Francis. He could not bear to desert the animals. But there was not much he could do.

The elephant got so hungry it ate the thatched roof off its stable and died of stomach trouble.

The polar bear escaped but came back hungry to its cage. Francis borrowed some meat to keep him going but the bear finally died.

The Animals Die

Other animals escaped and were shot by hunters. Some of them died of disease.

Eventually the only animals left were four bears and a monkey.

Finally Francis had to say goodbye and went off to the poor house. He had no other choice.

The children of Manzanares were sad. Even their mothers and fathers were sad. They had never seen a circus die before. They fed the bears and the monkey their leftovers and wondered what to do.

The Survivors

Then an organization in Madrid called "The International Society for the Acclimatization of Wild Animals" heard about the circus, or what was left of it.

The society sent a man to Manzanares to have a look. He said he would try to find someone to buy the animals. But no one wanted them. They were thin, and looked sick.

Artificial Diamonds Now

At last! Scientists say they have produced artificial diamonds which are "100 per cent genuine."

Four research men of America's General Electric Company have done the trick.

How is it done? By subjecting a carbonaceous compound to the pressure achieved by nature 240 miles below the earth and heating it at the same time to 5,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

The company warns that talk of the gems getting into the jewelry shops is premature. But the diamonds are admissible for industrial use.

After 14 Years She Met The Man She Saved From The Sea

A veteran Dutch sea captain and a former American Red Cross worker met last week aboard the trans-Atlantic liner, Ryndam, for the first time since they were torpedoed in the Atlantic Ocean in 1941.

World Airlines Want British Pilots

With the rapid advance of world air travel and the ever-increasing call for skilled pilots, international airlines are redoubling their efforts to "sign on" British air captains. The result is a shortage of experienced pilots at home.

Many Dutch, Swiss, Belgian and Scandinavian airlines are flown by Britons.

Said Mr. Frank Hillier, secretary of the Air League of the British Empire: "The majority of countries which have started up airlines since the war have looked to Britain for a helping hand." Some pilots working abroad earn up to £5,000. Maximum pay for a skipper with the British airline corporations is £2,300. American airlines pay trans-Atlantic captains up to \$6,000 a year.

British pilots are teaching air crews from all over the world to fly Viscounts. At the BSA "Viscount School" at Northolt, more than 100 students are being trained.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"But, doctor! I can't retire! Just thinking of one big mistake my office made when I spent a weekend in Florida sends my blood pressure soaring!"

FOR SALE: THE HOUSE THAT FEAR BUILT

And Two Lucky People Buy It For A Song

Hillsborough, California.

Mrs. Raphael M. Dorman said she was extremely happy with her new home—a \$337,000 mansion full of electric protection devices and imported marble bathtubs—because it was so "simple."

Mrs. Dorman's husband, San Francisco division manager for the huge West Coast contracting firm of Bechtel Corp., bought the fabulous "House that fear built" recently at a sheriff's auction for a mere \$49,000.

"We fell in love with the house because it has such a basic simplicity," Mrs. Dorman said.

The house contains such items as electric eyes, heated toilet seats, a \$28,000 imported bathtub of pink marble, radiant-heated terraces and a unique electronic system which permitted the terrified builder to overhear conversations in any room in the house wherever he was.

A Gambler's Fortress

The six-year-old home in this exclusive residential community was built by gambler Sam Termini, who was sent to the McNeil Island, Washington, Federal penitentiary, when the Government saw the purchase price.

At the time Termini built the 10-room residence he owned profitable gambling venture.

He intended a small \$35,000 cottage on the San Francisco Peninsula. But he became worried about "triggersmen" and other enemies and wound up with a \$337,000 fortress.

He put in an electronic fence so sensitive it would map on a battery of flood lights when a shadow fell on it, electric-type doors, an armor-plated wine cellar door and a ring of electric eyes inside the sensitive fence.

He paid \$229,000 of the bill in cash—and started the Bureau of Internal Revenue wondering about how the Termini's budgeted their small reported income.

Under The Hammer

Termini landed in prison for income tax evasion, lost Cal-Neva and his electronic hut came under the auctioneer's hammer.

Mr. Dorman raised his bid \$150,000 a competitor offered \$60,000 and the house was his. "We are going to have great fun with it," Mrs. Dorman said. "It is really a beautiful and simple house of modern design... contemporary and very functional."

She commented on the fact that Mrs. Termini had covered most of the expensive Philippine mahogany in the house with flat green paint by saying: "There are a good many unusual colors in the house. We will probably go back to all-white, or just off-white."

"As far as furnishing is concerned it will be relatively simple," she said. "It is

American Business Firms Report:

\$10 Million Loss Through Bad Handwriting

New York.

Having trouble with your handwriting? Then there's a new organization in New York all geared to help you.

Improve your penmanship, it says, and you will enjoy greater success in getting a job, writing love letters and saving money in business.

"Business firms lost more than \$70,000,000 last year because of illegible handwriting," said Mr. Albert G. Frost, President of the Handwriting Foundation, Inc.

Mr. Frost cited the Illinois Bell Telephone Co. in Chicago which, he said, had been losing \$50,000 a year "because girls couldn't write call tickets plainly enough for the company to charge them." The company started a training programme and taught its employees to write more legibly.

Spidery Writing

And about those love letters. "People cherish neatly-written love letters, rather than the spidery type," Mr. Frost observed.

"Many job opportunities are lost because prospective employers get a poor impression from handwritten applications," he said.

The United States Post Office also wants people to improve their handwriting. In New York, for example, there were no less than 4,300,000 "dead letters" last year and the local post office depends on specialists called "hard readers" to decipher the difficult addresses.

One big trouble, Mr. Frost said, is that many schools no longer teach penmanship.

The Foundation's first members are mostly firms in the pen and pencil, ink, paper and allied writing fields, but any firm or individual may join the non-profit group.

"We oppose the thesis that unreadable handwriting is a sign of goodness," Mr. Frost said.—United Press.

DUST NEVER SETTLES IN HIS OFFICE

Mr. Richard R. Cook hasn't had his office dusted in weeks. And he's proud of it.

Mr. Cook, President of an electronic firm, has developed an equipment which he believes will be a boon to housewives and hay fever sufferers.

It takes dust and pollen out of the air.

Mr. Cook has one of the machines in his own office in a sooty factory neighborhood near the railway tracks.

But there isn't a speck of dust around.

"And the cleaning woman hasn't been in here in weeks," he said. "She might come in once a month."

Mr. Cook has a more elaborate gadget installed in his home in suburban Evanston. It's connected with the warm air heating system and it keeps the whole house "sterile," he said.

His wife hasn't had the curtains cleaned in the three years since he installed the unit, he said.

"And we haven't had to do any decorating either."

Mr. Cook, an engineer by trade, began experimenting with the anti-dust device because his wife and three of his four children suffer from hay fever.

"We used to spend a lot of money on trips to get away from the pollen," he said. "Now we find it unnecessary."

Mr. Cook's device filters dust from the air electrostatically. A fan blows the air through a series of eight elimination plates. The plates are ultimately charged one positive and the next negative.

The magnetic field thus set up causes the dust to adhere to the plates.

Mr. Cook began tinkering with the gadget in 1940. By 1941, he said, his firm had made 150 experimental models, but each gave off a certain amount of ozone.

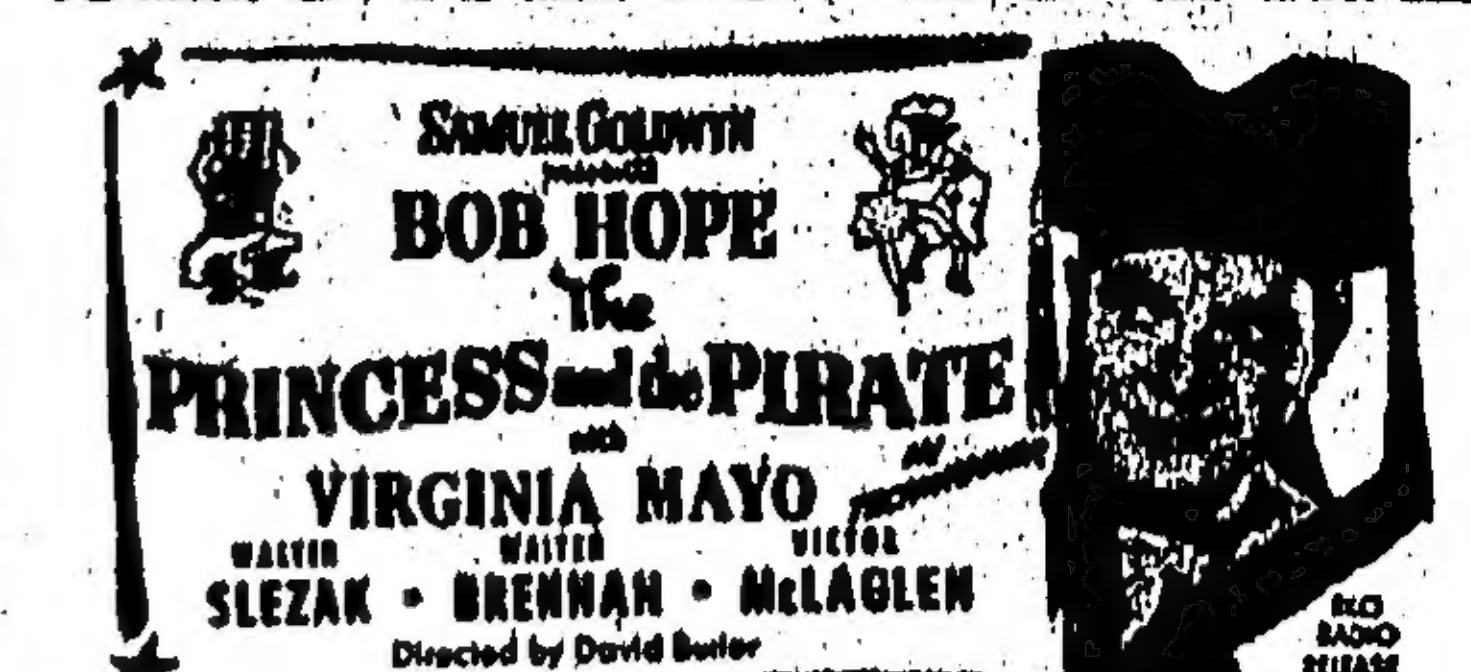
"Most people think ozone is healthy," he said, "but in certain proportions it's more poisonous than the carbon monoxide fumes from your car."

It wasn't until 1941, he said, that the firm developed a model which gave off no ozone.

Mr. Cook said his first perfected model was discredited through doctors to chronic hay fever sufferers.—United Press.

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Commencing TO-MORROW
in the Sunday Post-Herald

Inoculation Without A Needle

A New Development

Chicago, Feb. 22. The Army reported last week that it has developed a less painful method of administering an inoculation—it requires no needle.

The device is an automatic injector which shoots a tiny jet of vaccine right through the skin, according to a report in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

The Armed Forces, the report said, have tested the new rapid-fire method and found it to be less painful than the needle injection.

Dr. Joel Warren of Walter Reed Army Medical Centre, said the injection took one second to administer and that in trial runs, the Army had given triple typhoid vaccine to as many as 1,000 persons a day.

Automatic "Pistol"

He said the device is run by a motor-driven hydraulic pump. The injector unit is built like an automatic pistol with two triggers. The lower relays and cocks the piston, and the upper trigger "fires," he said.

Dr. Warren said that to give the shot the nozzle of the injector is placed against the arm, the operator pulls the trigger, waits about one second, and it's all over.

Pulling the lower trigger readies the injection for the next man, he said.

Besides speeding up mass injections, Dr. Warren said, the device was an improvement since it did not require sterilisation after each shot.—United Press.

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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



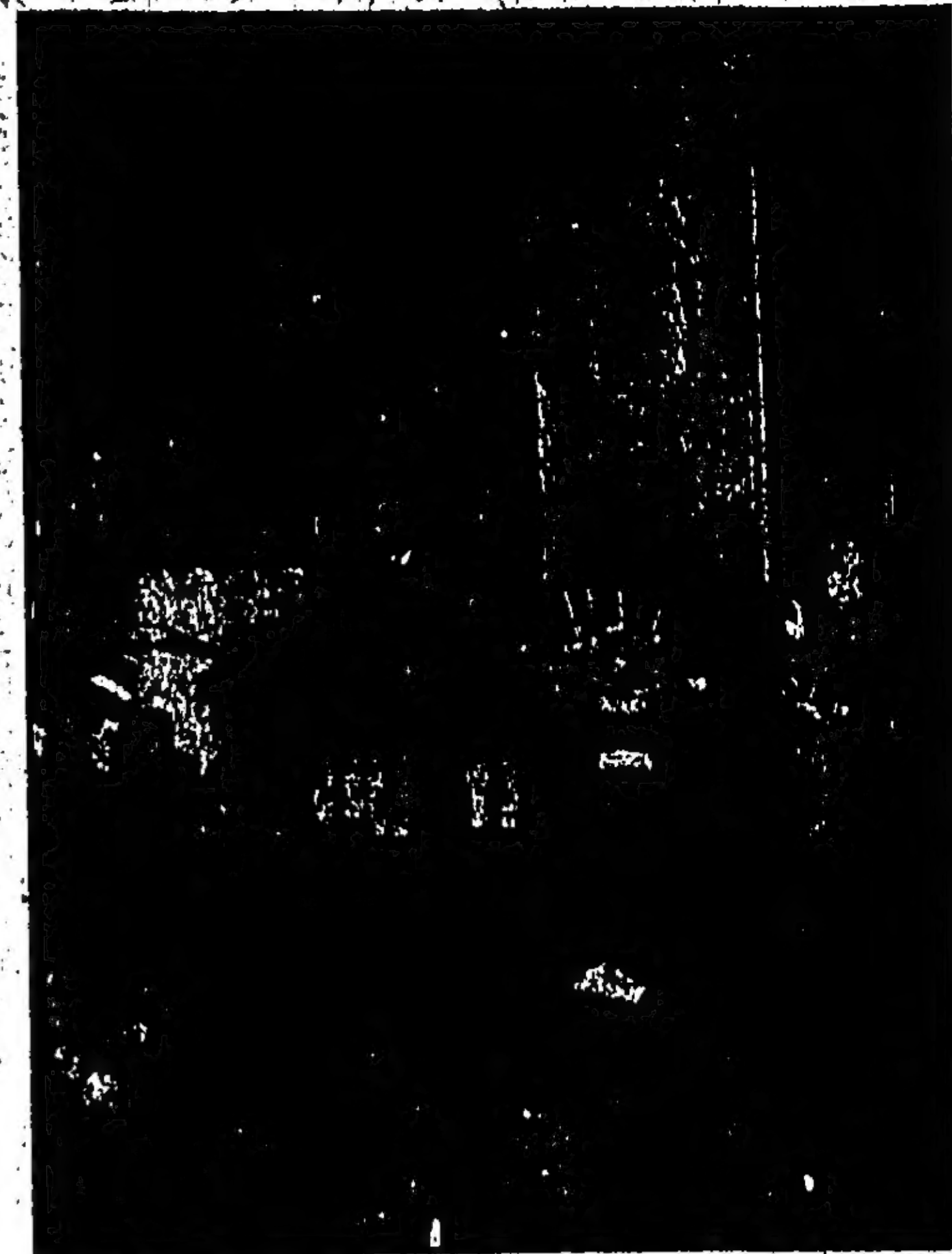
MIKE HAWTHORN, noted British racing driver, and Mrs Lorna Snow snapped at a May-fair party given in honour of Miss Sheila Van Damm, leader of the British team who won the women's cup in the Monte Carlo Rally. Party talk was mostly of cars — and the rally. (Express)



MRS Bessie Braddock, Socialist M.P. for Liverpool (Exchange), chosen their heart-throb of 1955 by the crew of the submarine Scythian. She has sent them seven signed photographs of herself. "I'm thrilled," said Mrs Braddock. "This is the first time I've been told that I have been chosen as a pin-up." (Express)



COLONEL Alexander Paterson Scotland, late of M.I.5, at whose home Scotland Yard men recently seized a quantity of documents. The War Office last year banned publication of his book, "London Cage." It was said that it would break the Official Secrets Act. (Express)



A prayer meeting at India House attended by the Indian Prime Minister, Mr. Nehru, who was in London for the conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers, and his sister, Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit, who is the Indian High Commissioner. Mrs. Pandit read the Lesson. (Express)



THE "Tiger Woman" has been found. Former Epstein model Betty May (right) turned up last week in London in answer to a request from the publishers of her autobiography, who had not heard of her for 20 years. "Won't it be fun if they have accumulated some royalties for me?" said this gay glamour girl of the 1920's. She has again been making the London headlines. (Express)



RIGHT: Miss Mal Zetterling, the film star, gets down from her Messerschmidt "Tricar." Snapshot taken on her arriving for the party given in London by Mrs Leslie Slot to promote the charity premiere of the film, "Prize of Gold," in aid of the Royal London Society for the Blind. (Express)



HERE is lovely 18-year-old French actress Nicole Berger in the lace dress she wore for a British television programme in which she took part. (Express)



A Hongkong girl at the Vic-Wells Costume Ball, held at the Lyceum, London. She is Chen Yu, star of the comedy, "Teahouse of the August Moon." (Express)



RIGHT: Two students of Reading University, Tearlach Mackean and Arthur Shepherd, who lived three days in a cave dressed in sackcloth to see what things were like for the ancient Britons. (Express)

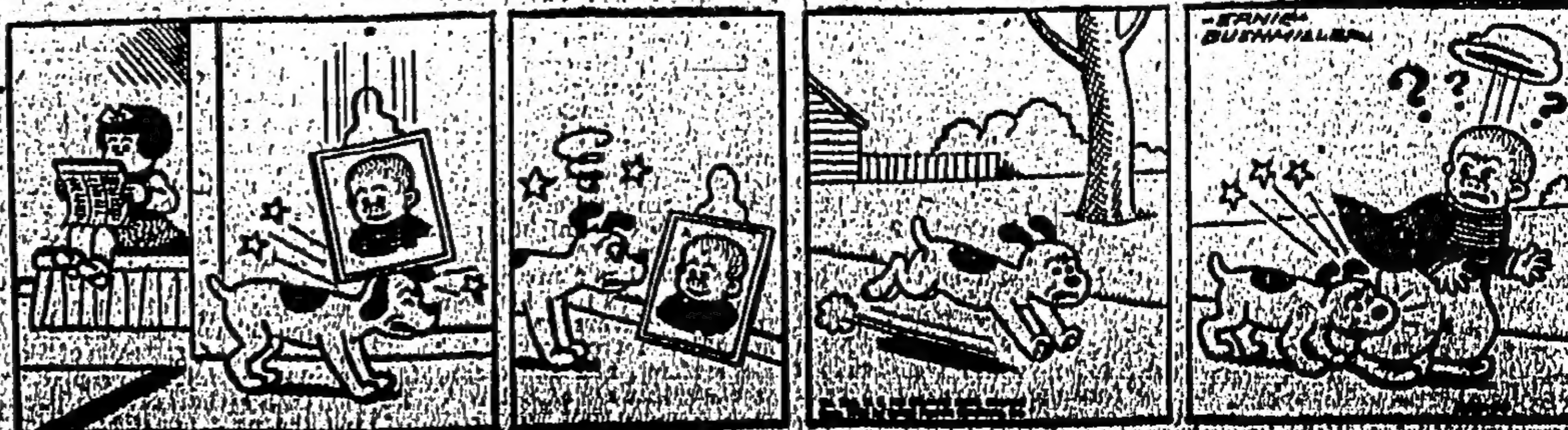


IT'S bewildering when you find yourself a champion, with your newlywed wife kissing you and your mother hugging you ... and that's how it was with Dal Dower after he won the British flyweight title at Harringay. (Express)

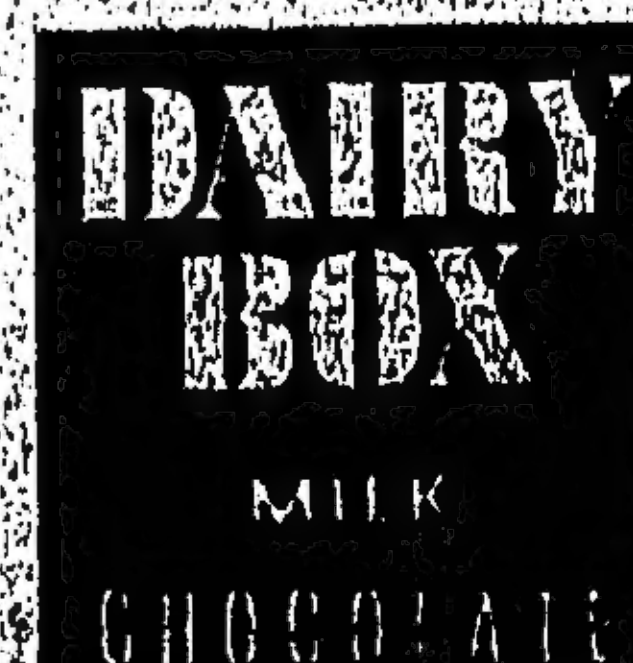


CHARLIE CHAPLIN seen with Lord and Lady Jowitt at the Dickens Fellowship dinner held at the Cafe Royal, London. Mr. Chaplin proposed the toast to the Author. (Express)

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



The Yorkshire "Lawrence"

By J. W. TAYLOR

UP in Yorkshire, amid all the recently revived controversy concerning Lawrence of Arabia, they're talking about that other legendary figure of the desert—Walter Greenway, the Yorkshire "Lawrence," who forsook a life of crime to live in the desert as an Arab. There is talk, too, of putting back into print the two books written about him 40 years ago, telling most vividly the strange story of this exiled Yorkshireman whose exploits equaled in courage anything occurring during both World Wars.

In the winter of 1915, the then Sheffield Police Court Missionary, Mr. Robert Holmes, Greenway's only friend, began to receive the first of a series of remarkable letters from Mesopotamia, hurriedly scribbled in pencil on scraps of paper, letters that later provided Holmes with the main ingredients of his remarkable biography of Walter Greenway.

They told a strange story. Greenway, whose parents lived at Owsden, near Doncaster, spoke several languages. After working as a painter and printer, he became a clerk in Sheffield, but by the time he was 29 he was well on the crime road. Soon he had the record of nine convictions for burglary in four years. When arrested, he always made a pretence of being deaf and dumb.

Torture By Turks

The Sheffield court missionary finally helped him to join the crew of a ship bound for Colombo. Except for reports of having deserted ship, nothing was heard of Greenway for several years. Then Mr. Holmes began to receive the first of Greenway's letters from Mesopotamia. He learned that Greenway was working for the British by living as a Bedouin Arab, wandering between the Turkish and British lines and believed by the Turks to be a dead-mate.

Another letter told of the tragic suffering he was to bear with such fortitude for the rest of his war-shortened life. The Turks had become suspicious about him and had him arrested. They fired rifles close to his ears to see if he showed any signs of being able to hear. Greenway showed no signs of hearing. The

torture went on. Still no sign—and not a murmur from a very brave man. Then they used a big gun to fire near to him until his ears and nose bled. His finger nails were torn out and he was burnt with hot iron. Still they could not break him down.

Finally the Turks were convinced of his innocence of spying and of his deafness. They prayed for forgiveness for thus torturing a man already afflicted and treated him kindly. Greenway finally got back to the British lines with valuable information.

Permanent injury to Greenway's health, however, had been caused by the tortures. Gangrene in his injured fingers led to the amputation of his left arm. When sufficient strength had returned to him he disappeared to rejoin his Arab wife and his three children.

Meanwhile, there had been no news of him at Sheffield for a long time, but finally Mr. Holmes received the letters which were to be the last Walter Greenway was to write.

Faithful Wife

They were wrapped in grass and leaf specimens and told how, still weak from his treatment by the Turks, Greenway slowly made his way to his Arab home to find it had been destroyed and all his possessions were in a fever by his faithful wife, who had been searching long and far for her missing husband. She nursed him back to something like health, and soon he was off on more desert and other escapades for the British cause.

Once he figured in a daring exploit. He planted time bombs to blow up enemy ammunition dumps. The bombs were German-made. He intended to be placed by Arabs in the holds of British ships when sailing. Greenway, the one time burglar, stole the bombs and turned them on the enemy.

Soon, however, his health began to fail. The end of the story was received in Sheffield from a British medical officer, who reported that an Arab woman had brought her English husband, to whom she was devoted, to the hospital, where he had died shortly afterwards. Greenway's wife was heartbroken at his tragic death and was eventually taken away by her father, a Bedouin sheik.

Mr. Robert Holmes, who later wrote two books from these letters and some research on the strange life of the criminal he had befriended, died only four years ago.



JULIAN SYMONS introduces a new series about people who have gambled with fortune: **SIX PLAYED WITH FIRE**. First, the man who became the idol of the miners... A. J. Cook.

IN 1926 the most-loved and the most-execrated man in Britain was a golden-haired, youthful-looking orator, a man whose blue eyes were oddly innocent behind their horn rims. His name was Arthur James Cook, and he was the Secretary of the Miners' Federation.

He was the central figure in the bitterest social struggle that took place between the wars, a struggle which caused a State of Emergency to be maintained in the country for seven months.

For good, solid householders Cook was the reddest possible symbol of Red revolution. From the time he became the Miners' Secretary in 1924 he delighted in outraging the respectable. He said that he was proud to be a follower of Lenin. He said that he was one of the Big Five in labour politics, and that he would be more important yet. Sir William Joynton-Hicks, the Home Secretary, issued a solemn warning that Cook intended to destroy the British Empire. Cook was delighted. "What an Empire," he said on the platform, "I say to hell with such an Empire."

The miners idolised him. He was a leader spring from themselves, a man who really knew something practical about a miner's hardships. He had worked underground in South Wales for 21 years, becoming converted in the process from a Baptist lay preacher to a Socialist orator.

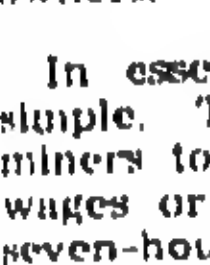
In private life he was boisterous but gentle, a man who had a way with children. On the platform he was a tiger. In speeches of blistering power he attacked the coal owners, the Government, other labour leaders. He had a brilliant gift of mimicry, a talent for coining phrases, and a power of rousing enthusiasm natural to a one-time revivalist preacher.

"I am the gramophone of the men I represent," he said, and they loved the tune he played.

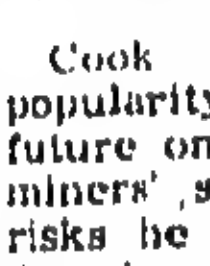
ALL ALONE



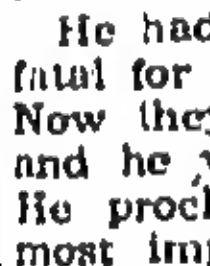
COOK'S hour came at the end of the General Strike. The other unions went back to work. The miners stayed out to settle their dispute with the owners.



In essence the dispute was simple. The owners wanted the miners to accept a reduction of wages or an increase on the seven-hour underground working day. The miners refused. The Government offered a subsidy for the mines with an immediate reduction of wages for everybody earning more than 45s. a week.



Cook staked his personal popularity and his political future on the success of the miners' strike. He knew the risks he was taking. When he became Secretary of the Miners' Federation he had projected a grand alliance with the road transport, railway and other unions.



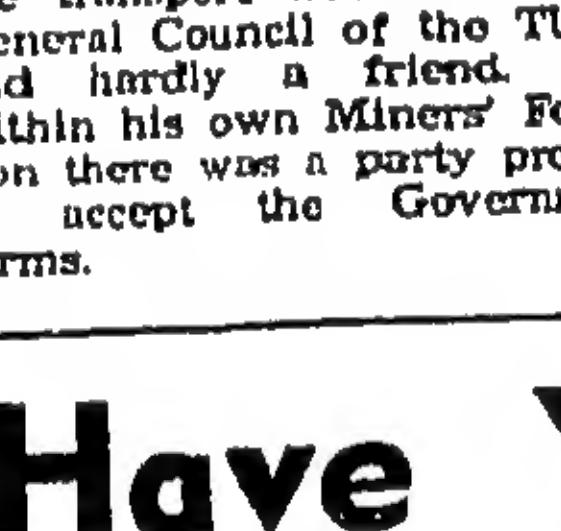
He had said that it would be fatal for the miners to act alone. Now they were acting alone. He proclaimed: "I hold the most important position in the country today," and in a sense he was right.



ABOVE: Herbert Smith, the miners' president. He thought the strike would end in a few weeks and in victory.



BELOW: The young Ernest Bevin. He detested Cook.



The odds were against him. He was detested by Jimmy Thomas, leader of the railway workers, and by Ernest Bevin of the transport workers. On the General Council of the TUC he had hardly a friend. Even within his own Miners' Federation there was a party prepared to accept the Government's terms.

THE GREAT GAMBLERS

His slogans split a nation, he was the tiger with the golden tongue



ARTHUR JAMES COOK they sent him a gun.

His position was not helped by the constant rumours that he was in Moscow's pay. For their own reasons the Russians contributed towards the miners' strike fund, but Cook was not in anybody's pay. He was a political adventurer eager for power, whose only weapons were a golden tongue, a personality of impulsive charm—and the trust placed in him by the miners.

At the beginning of the stoppage Cook, and the Miners' president Herbert Smith, never doubted that if the miners held out for a few weeks they would gain their demands. But the strike went on for month after month, with no giving way on either side.

ARREST HIM

The miners suffered two heavy blows. The first was when the Government, in spite of their expressed impartiality, ranged themselves on the side of the owners by passing the Eight Hours Bill, which made legal provision for the proposed extra hour. Baldwin confidently expected that this would end the dispute, and it might have done so but for Cook. In Warwickshire and Nottinghamshire men trickled back to work, but his visits to the areas brought them out again.

He coined a new slogan: "Back to work we go on the status quo."

Retention of the status quo—the same rates of pay and before the General Strike—was what the miners asked for. It was more apparent each week that the owners and the Government had no intention of letting them get it.

The second blow to the miners came when the railwaymen, much influenced by Jimmy

Thomas, agreed to handle imported coal in large quantities. This made the strike much less effective, and more than anything else inflamed tempers on either side.

Cook, as always, was the sparking point for trouble. He received a dozen letters a week threatening his life, which he read out effectively on the platform. He also showed on the platform the revolver with six bullets which had been sent to him, with the message: "Shoot yourself."

As his speeches became more nearly revolutionary he was forbidden to address meetings in South Wales and Staffordshire. Questions were asked in Parliament as to why he was not arrested. The answer, which was not given at the time, was that the Government had no intention of letting Cook play the role of martyr.

The hand of Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin guided the masterly inactivity of the Government in dealing with the strike. More cleverly than his Cabinet, Baldwin realised that with a steady supply of imported coal available, the strike was certain to fail.

At one point Winston Churchill, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, met Cook and Smith in Downing Street, was impressed by the concessions they

offered, and tried to induce the owners to meet them. This idea obtained no support from Baldwin, and it was dropped.

These deliberate do-nothing tactics were effective. The drift back to work began again in the Midlands, and quickly increased.

In a last attempt to stop it Cook and Smith organised a "Council of War" of MPs and officials to tour disaffected areas. Cook's own speeches were those of an angry and desperate man. He accused those who went back to work of accepting bribes, and said: "They have sold their souls and their children." But neither speeches nor platform tears and breakdowns had much effect.

The touring speakers became known throughout the country as "Cook's Circus," and their proceedings took on a farcical aspect. When a meeting of the Council of War was arranged in the Blackboy Hotel at Nottingham, a party of 40 young local businessmen planned to kidnap Cook, carry him to the market place, and tie him there with the Union Jack round his waist. The attempt failed, and in fact, excited some sympathy for Cook; but sympathy was no use now. The drift back to work had become a flood.

FORGOTTEN

HAD Cook's gamble succeeded he would have become the most influential figure among British labour leaders. It failed, and he was forgotten. He even in his own lifetime. He was the Secretary of the Miners' Federation for the five years he had left to live, but exerted little influence over policy. When he made suggestions they were almost moderate and conciliatory. And, as a hardy and energetic man, he was hardly ever needed. On the platform the tiger was tame. A. J. Cook ended his life having suffered the saddest fate that can befall a rebel. He had become respectable.

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NEXT SATURDAY

The man who went on trial with a revolver in his pocket.

Have You Ever Seen A Tummy Dancing?

Damascus. "HAVE you ever seen the Tummy Dance?" asked the Emir.

We were sitting in the famous marble hall of the Orient Hotel, Damascus. We had finished the innumerable dishes of a typical Arab dinner and washed down the meal with several glasses of arak, the native drink.

When I replied, "No" to his question, the Emir (local Province Commander) took a giant puff from his hookah, stared meditatively at the little bubbles of air which rose to the surface of the glass bowl, and suggested I be ready at 6 a.m. the next morning.

I was—and, for the remainder of my life, the village of Deir-el-Aadass, nearly one hundred miles south of Damascus, off the macadam road leading to Jordan, will rest in my memory as one of the

strangest experiences in thirty years of travel.

As the station-wagon branched the top of a small hill, I looked down upon what, at first sight, seemed a collection of half eggshells standing on end. This, the Emir assured me, was Deir-el-Aadass, which his family had literally owned for nearly five hundred years.

As we entered the one main street of the village, a crowd of semi-naked children, and twenty of the male "elders" came forward to greet us. I noticed there were no women among the onlookers.

Roasted Lambs

After many fraternal greetings between the Emir and his followers (and cordial handshakes with the strange "Ingiliz"), we were escorted to the largest of the "half eggshells"—the Emir's country residence.

This "residence" turned out to be a mud and cow-dung structure, about eighteen feet high, the same diameter at the base and tapering to a point. A small opening at the top allowed the smoke from a charcoal brazier to escape. The only other source of light or air was the low narrow door.

So much for the primitive structure. The furnishings, on the other hand, were dazzling in their luxury. There were luxurious divans, priceless carpets and gold embroidered cushions. There were riches piled upon riches.

Lunch consisted of two 48-hour old lambs, roasted whole, over a wood fire, sweet potatoes and "yards" of native bread.

Ten of the "elders" had been invited and the twelve of us sat on cushions in a circle in the centre of the "room." Six women had been preparing our meal, and when it was brought to the door—but no further. Two of the youngest men then carried it to the waiting circle of men, and placed it in their midst.

All of which is explained by the fact that women in this part of the world are regarded as so inferior to men that the Emir would never have considered allowing any of his four wives to dine with him.

The tiny lambs had now been cut into reasonably small portions, and we set to with the oldest culinary implements in the world—knives and chums. There followed a night of enjoyment (a polite sign of enjoyment) from all the guests, and this chorus announced the end of the bizarre meal.

The Emir now clapped his hands and we moved back to the mud and dung wall, while four young boys cleared away the debris of the meal. At the same time four wizened old men entered, each carrying his Arab "musical" in the form of violin... or tom-tom... style machines.

Now for the dancing—and the tummy dancers that few people really believe exist.

Six Beauties

Softly, softly the "drums" start up—gently, gently, the "violins" join them. Suddenly, the sunshine streaming through the open door is blocked out. Into the room six of the "beauties" enter, dressed in the same slinky gowns to catch the shower of silver coins that their patrons decadently throw down. A few hours later I was back in my hotel. I thought of the "beauties" and, stretching out, I saw the shimmering of silver coins that their patrons decadently throw down. A few hours later I was back in my hotel. I thought of the "beauties" and, stretching out, I saw the shimmering of silver coins that their patrons decadently throw down. A few hours later I was back in my hotel. I thought of the "beauties" and, stretching out, I saw the shimmering of silver coins that their patrons decadently throw down.

Charles Anderson

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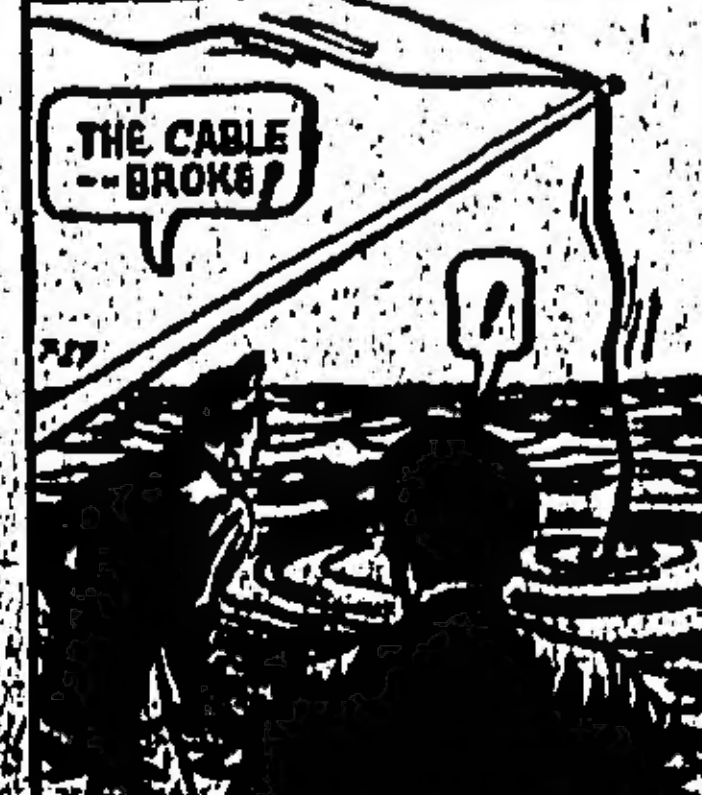
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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



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FANTASTIC EXPLOITS OF THE CLOAK AND DAGGER SQUADRON

The closely-guarded war secrets of the Royal Air Force's most amazing unit revealed for the first time

By LESLIE MONTGOMERY

(AS TOLD TO GORDON THOMAS)

THE winking green light bathed the interior of the bomber. I wriggled uneasily on the hard seat. Nothing must stop us now. At 800 feet we crawled towards the Hook of Holland, spotlight by garish moonbeams that made us an easy target. An uncomfortable peace soothed occupied Europe on this cold night of October 29, 1942.

The tension was razor-sharp as the foam-flecked Dutch coast glinted below. The green light switched to red.

Somebody stirred in the aircraft's waist, then lumbered towards two doors set in the floor. They swung open, letting in an icy wind. The lumpy, muffled figure slithered closer to the hatch, paused for a moment, then vanished into the night.

I had dropped my first spy in World War Two—and become a fully-fledged member of the RAF's most fantastic squadron. It was known as 138 Squadron, stationed at Tempford, in rural Bedfordshire. But few people knew that we were the first special air squadron to ferry agents and drop supplies to resistance forces in Europe.

Back in Tempford Operations Room, a tiny flag was stuck in a giant wall map at the spot we had dropped the spy. There were thousands of flags, from the tip of Norway to the remotest part of Austria. Dozens clustered around Paris, Oslo, Copenhagen, Brest and Brussels. The tell-tale flags even appeared near Berlin and the Bavarian Alps. Each flag pointed to a successful spy drop.

TOP SECRET

Britain's Cloak and Dagger Squadron was formed during the darkest days of the war. Months of careful planning and selection passed before the squadron started operating in March 1942 from Tempford.

I joined them six months later. I was a Wireless Operator—responsible for signalling base when a spy had been dropped. A lot of what we did is still top secret—and will stay like that forever. Our methods are being copied in various parts of the world today. But nobody will be able to copy the glory that belonged to the original Flying Pimpereaux!

I reported to 138 Squadron in late September 1942. In my pocket was a typewritten slip of paper which said: "Posted to Tempford for special duties." What these duties might be, I had no idea. Nor did the airman who drove me from Sandy railway station to the aerodrome seek to enlighten me.

All I could see as I neared Tempford was an airfield that seemed deserted. Nothing more than a collection of untidy Nissen huts and hangars, fronting on to narrow runways that cut through lush green fields. For three weeks nobody told me why I was in the camp. My comrades were friendly but evasive.

MYSTERIES

Many things puzzled me—the two farms, complete with duck pond, that stood in the middle of the aerodrome, and had guards instead of farm animals in the yards. Aircraft stood idle all day, yet sneaked skywards in the small hours. And there seemed far too many armed guards patrolling at night.

At the end of three weeks, my new Commanding Officer solved some mysteries for me. Without preamble, he ran over my Service career, noting that I had logged 584 flying hours. "Now, you have been selected for a special task—helping the underground in Europe," he continued.

"You have become a member of the RAF's most secret squadron. Everyone here is sworn to secrecy; every man and woman from me down to the char-woman have been chosen with special care.

"Don't ask questions, and don't answer any—not even to your wife. You will be told all you need to know."

A quick handshake, and I was out of his office. Everything made sense now. The farms were covers for supply stores. The lonely planes that took off in darkness were spy carriers. The extra guards were to stop anyone from finding out about our work.

For three years, the squadron delivered arms, ammunition, radio sets, food and other supplies to all the underground fighters from the Arctic Circle to the South of France.

We dropped thousands of crates, parcels, that "valued these weapons" to British shores with the utmost secrecy.

For the Norwegians, we parachuted skis and sleds. For the French Maquis, jeeps, mortars, bicycles, and trucks—made in England, but disguised with French trade marks.

Every one of our adventures started in the Briefing Room, guarded 24 hours a day by men who had orders to shoot first and ask questions later. As soon as an operation started, the airfield was sealed off. The two public telephone boxes were chained and padlocked, and the station exchange vetted all calls. The gates were closed, and the guards increased their vigilance. It was like sitting on a gun-powder keg.

BRIEFING

The Briefing Room was lined with maps, plots and charts. A blackboard for sketching in further details stood on a shallow dais. Streamers indicated the spy-dropping routes. Here were worked out details which meant the difference between life and death.

General briefing over—during which the C.O. gave a broad outline of the operation—we were then briefed by intelligence officers. They introduced the "Vegetable Code" for the night. All Europe was divided into areas, and given vegetable code names. Holland, for instance, was known as "Marrow" and spies dropped there were called "Marrowers."

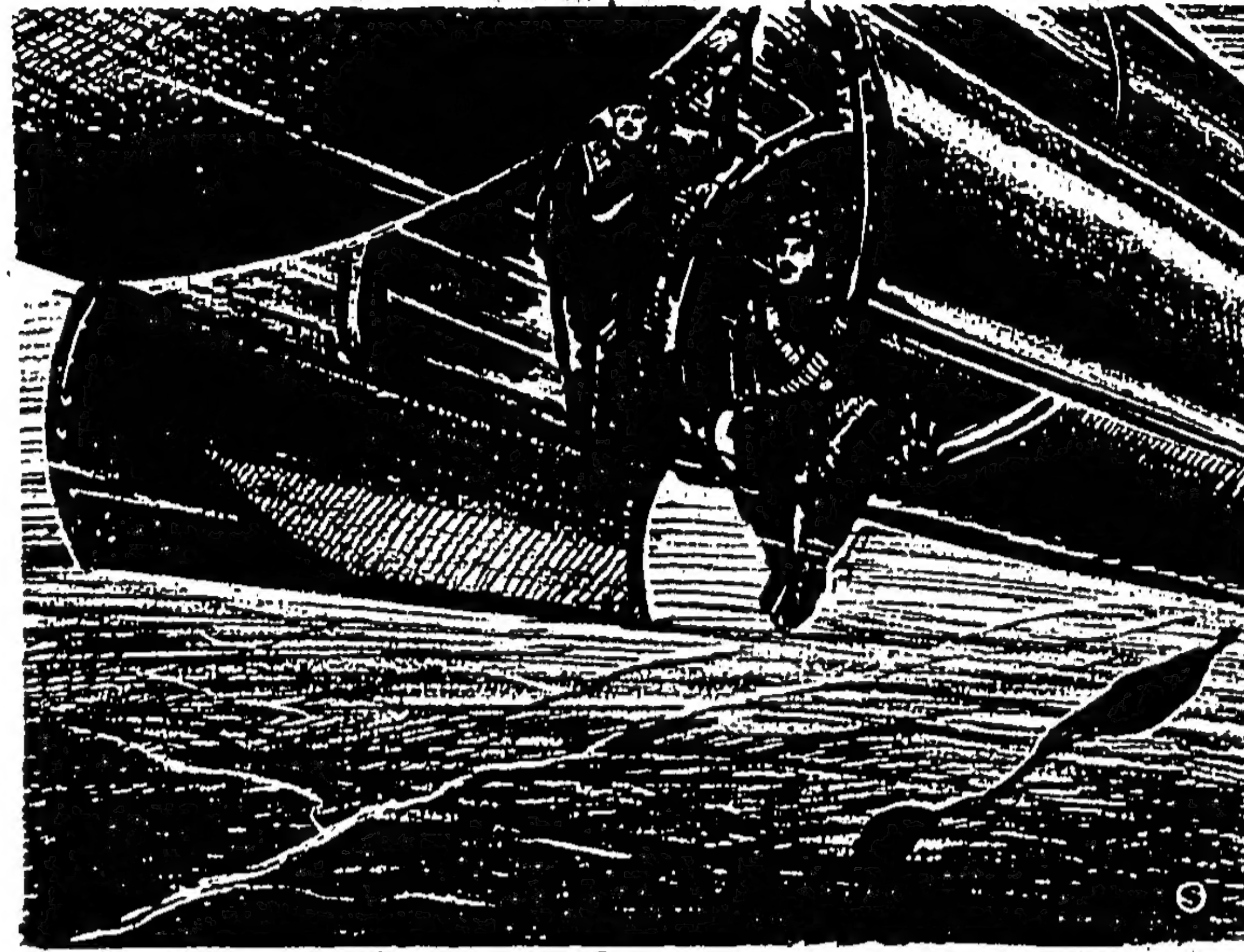
Next, we were told the Ground Reception Letter—a Morse code symbol that changed daily, and helped us to identify real dropping zones from German faked ones.

Shortly before take-off, we had our final instructions. But in between there was a lot to be done. Flak positions had to be studied and noted. New ones were always springing up along a spy-dropping route. Equipment had to be checked and parachutes collected. And everybody tried to get as much rest as possible.

Meanwhile, the agents were being briefed. A blacked-out car brought them to the aerodrome a few hours before take-off. Intelligence officers searched them. A bus ticket, a cigarette stub, a tailor's tag—any of these might lead to death before a German firing squad.

This was brought home to a spy one night. He had been searched, had drunk a toast to the success of his trip, had shaken hands with senior officers on the aerodrome. And all the time, a British penny stamp was clinging to the strap of his jumping boots.

I was down by the entrance hatch when the agent came to board our Halifax. I tried to make conversation with him. But he was deep in thought and scarcely heard what was said. Moonlight filtered into the aircraft—and possibly saved the



Waiting to jump... the jump-master and the spy watching the light signal.

spy's life. It spotted the stamp for me!

I crushed it between my fingers. The agent's eyes flickered for a moment. We both knew that if the stamp had been found blowing about a French village street, the Germans wouldn't have hesitated to wipe out the whole population—and the spy, if they found him.

Slip-ups like this were most unusual. Tempford had the most thorough intelligence officers in the world.

JUMP SUIT

Each spy was clad in a baggy jumping suit. In its spacious pockets were a revolver, a dagger, hard rations, a flashlight, first aid kit, radio parts and maps. Within easy reach was a suicide pill.

A rubber cushion was placed in the seat of the jumping suit, and waterproof cloth was wound round the agent's feet. Antic-bodies and a rubber crash helmet completed his outfit.

Came our final instructions when we closely inspected large-scale maps of the dropping point. Trees, roads, railway lines—anything that would help us to find it—were memorised.

Then, pockets empty of anything that could trace us, we clambered into the bomber. Often, we waited an hour before going to the runway, each man alone with his thoughts. I always used to think of my wife, wondering what she was doing right then.

But a car would screech along-side, driving all thoughts of home away. In a flash, a bulky bundle—the spy—was helped aboard, and we were away.

I made 25 of these frightening trips—and never grew used to them. No man can really get accustomed to toying with death. Most of the spies either slept or smoked during a trip. Their absence of nerves was in a way unnerving! They were all dead keen to jump. On the few occasions conditions stopped them, they almost cried!

Approaching a dropping point, the most important member of the crew was the Despatcher—a man responsible for seeing that an agent jumped from the aircraft at the correct time. But a lot could happen before a spy baled out.

I remember one night taking two French spies to a Dijon dropping point. We gained the French coast without trouble. Everything was going smoothly.

One moment the sky was empty; the next it was a cauldron of bursting shells, weaving searchlights and dodging aircraft. We were being hunted. The spies insisted we press on. And jump they did. On landing in England, we saw that flak had demolished half the fleet.

Unarmed Lyanders played a big part in our cloak and dagger methods. Come with me on one of those hair-raising trips.

It's a clear and frosty night in mid-December 1943. Down in Tempford village, the children are carol-singing and guessing what will be in their Christmas stockings.

At the aerodrome, the ground staff wheel a flimsy, looking Lyander out of a hangar. Quickly, the pilot gets in the cockpit, adjusting a map strapped to his knee. Slowly, but with gathering speed, the aircraft rumbles down the runway and takes off into the night. Soon, the French coast looms ahead. German aircraft spotters are puzzled by this odd-looking plane.

Was it one of theirs returning from a secret mission? Was it an Italian plane of course? By the time they had decided to investigate, the Lyander had reached its improvised landing strip. In seconds it touches down, never stops moving, and is airborne again. But this time it is carrying a couple of Allied agents back to safety.

IN A TRAP

But not all trips were so simple as that one.

I remember one night when a pilot took a Lyander across to France. He reached the landing field without incident. Torches flickered their signal to him. He nosed the aircraft earthwards. The wheels touched down. He rolled towards the torches.

Suddenly, he spotted them. Behind each torch was a heavily-armed German! He had

A HUSBAND ON THE SPOT FIGHTS BACK... By Anne Sharpley

PROVERBIALLY, the toughest spot for a husband to occupy is just outside the circle of limelight that surrounds a Hollywood star.

But Squadron Leader Anthony Bartley, DFC, was a hero in a different sort of way before he married Deborah Kerr in 1945. And at that time the social heroism of being a Hollywood husband was not demanded. Miss Kerr was a British star.

"We were very happy," she recalls the man who married Miss Kerr. "I had my own job of selling aircraft for Vickers, and she had hers."

Then one day Miss Kerr woke up and found she had been sold to Hollywood. The unpredictable Gabriel Pascal had handed over his half of Miss Kerr's contract to MGM, who already held the other half, and wily-wily Miss Kerr was a Big Hollywood Star.

When told a husband to do Squadron Leader Bartley took to his heels.

When ex-squadron leader Bartley found his film actress wife had been bought by Hollywood he might have become just 'the man who is married to Deborah Kerr.' But he decided that was not going to happen to him.

"If we were to have any sort of married life, it meant my career as an aircraft salesman had to go.

"I decided it would have to be show business for me, too. 'But I did refuse to do the obvious thing and go into MGM.

"No, I decided to try Television. The decision needed bravery of a kind, too."

Television was going through its 'early struggles' and implicated in those struggles was Squadron Leader (now plain Mr.) Bartley.

"The struggling didn't always end well," he says.

But Mr. Bartley had an idea and he stuck to it.

It was to make TV series for America in Britain. He has had two attempts.

"I produced the first films at Walton-on-Thames for American TV. Later, with Douglas Fairbanks, I did another series. And Mr. Bartley had another idea that he stuck to. This was to make a series on the Foreign Legion, with Errol Flynn starring. 'I have been selling this idea for three years.'

Today the ex-fighter pilot—35 now, father of two daughters, Melanie, eight, and Francesca, four—looks like prancing his target.

He has been signed up by the giant Columbia Broadcasting System as "Foreign Representative."

He has sold them his Errol Flynn series, got Flynn to agree, and the filming will take place almost at once in England and North Africa.

Only one thing remains to get English commercial TV interested in the series as well.

Mr. Bartley does not feel it will be difficult.

The slightly nasal tones adopted by Mason, Granger, Simmons.

Why? "Because we have to get over this strange language barrier. English simply isn't understood in parts of America."

And Mr. Bartley will be something which is in its way more startling than a New Englander. He will be an "ocean commuter."

The Atlantic is not going to provide any obstacle to his marriage, nor any interruption to his career either, this time.

He expects to do the two-way crossing at least 30 times this year.

"I shall be able to week-end with Deborah almost as frequently as I did when I was in the U.S.A. It's so easy. Just 11 hours in a plane over Friday night and I can be back in my London office on Monday. Home for the Bartley family will soon be in Greenwich, Connecticut."

Mr. Bartley has destroyed two myths—that war heroes don't come home in civilian life and that successful men don't get married.

He may have married his wife, but he will continue to be a hero in the eyes of the public.

He will continue to be a hero in the eyes of the public.

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The TOP POPs go in search of a SONG

DAVID LEWIN
spotlights
Dickie Valentine
David Whitfield

I WENT searching for a song one day with Dickie Valentine and David Whitfield, Britain's top two "pop" singers. We went to London's Tin Pan Alley, which is off Charing Cross Road, and has an outpost in Bond Street in the west.

Searching for a song is just like shopping for a pair of shoes—only there is no cash transaction. All that is needed is to persuade Dickie Valentine or David Whitfield that a song fits them perfectly. They can take it home with them, and the publisher waits for the first gramophone record sales for his money.

In Denmark Street big, friendly Jimmy Phillips greeted us in his office at the Peter Maurice Music Company. He pointed at David Whitfield and said: "Got just the thing for you here, David. Came in from America last night. It's called 'I Wonder' and it's right in the style of 'I Believe'."



A pianist played it through, Whitfield, 28 years old, hummed it first, then picked up a line or two here and there. Then his own musical director, boarded Reg Warburton, played it.

Whitfield read the words closely. "The words have to attract me first," he said. "These are good—I can go along with them."

He sang a few lines:—

"I wonder how each mother knows what babies try to say,

How little children learn to walk—and some day walk away."

Whitfield broke off and said: "You see, I've got a little boy of my own—Lance is three—and I know the meaning of that line. I could sing it."

Jimmy Phillips hovered near, "It's kicking big in America," he said. "They're biting it there."

But Whitfield shook his head. "It's a good song," he said. "But it is not for me. It would be out of my character. If I sang it, it would need more behind it—and, anyway, people would think I was trying to croon it, and crooning isn't my style."

Dickie Valentine, 25 years old, came closer to the piano and listened. "I wonder," again. "It's not too fast—and it



VALENTINE

A song with a beat

"Here's a new one for you, Dickie," said Holmes. "Called 'Tika Tika Tok.' It's got a clap-hands beat."

Valentine sang it through, leaning over the piano. "I like to have a beat behind a song," he said. "After five years singing with Ted Heath's band I'd be lost without a definite beat."

I looked at David Whitfield. "No—I can't sing to a beat," he said. "I like to get excitement into a song, and then relax with it to make people comfortable when I sing. Relaxing is the thing."

Valentine nodded. "You can be too relaxed, of course," he said. "And then you become



WHITFIELD

A song must have excitement

over-confident and mess it up altogether."

Teddy Holmes produced another manuscript. "Here's a tune to catch the world," he said. Valentine asked: "What's it called—'Atom Bomb Blues'?" Said Holmes: "Oh, no, the title is 'Goodbye, My Love.'"



After it was played the talk became technical. "I could do it as a beguine," said Valentine.

"It needs faster backing for me," said Whitfield. It was like a conference of business men in the ornate West End office with chandeliers and good carpets.

These "pop" singers know exactly what they need—and what the audiences expect. They do not BUY a song—they accept one to record. That makes it their own—like Johnny Ray and "Cry."

Then they sing it on the radio or in variety. The song publisher gets his money on royalties from all sales. (That can amount to £5,000 on a good-selling song.)

"You see," said Jimmy Phillips, "it isn't like the old days before the war any more, when we took a new number, set a release date on it, and hoped that the dance bands and singers would take it up."

"Now it's the gramophone records that count. We take music from any country in the world—but it's the numbers with a kick in them that go."

MEET A MILLIONAIRE - AND ONE WITH A WELFARE PLAN

By Bernard Ronald

Milan. Count Gaetano Marzotto, six feet tall and 60, strode briskly into his silk-walled study at the top of his Persian-carpeted white marble staircase, summoned one of his ten servants to prepare a fabulous dinner (and as many cocktails as I was pleased to sample) and told me how he became a millionaire after working three months as an apprentice in a Yorkshire woolen mill.

thing except the time a civil servant may keep a citizen waiting in the queue."

Now a whirl of the arms, a raising of eyebrows, the indignation terrific: "Men were not born to be numbers. We must all battle against bureaucracy before it is too late."

Gaetano—man of great wealth, title, factories, villas, hotels, vineyards, marble quarries, cinemas, enterprises, intelligence, physical strength and guts—had spoken. He bowed. "Now I must attend to the business."

Champagne?

A second later, his huge bulk colourfully clothed in a green tweed sports jacket, grey pull-over, white silk shirt, bright tartan tie and impeccable grey flannel trousers, went sailing out into the world of salesmanship and wamp and wot with the vigour of a gladiator of half his age.

"Champagne?" A white-coated Venetian had appeared as if from nowhere to step out from behind a silver tray loaded with sparkling drinks in glistening glasses.

But Count Marzotto's personality was still enveloping me. I declined the champagne. It did not seem right to sit sipping a millionaire's wines while my host was working like two men amid the rattle and clatter of the looms across the way.

I went out to have a look at the wonderful things the Count has laid on for the leisure hours of his cloth-capped workers.

Open-air swimming pools lined with fancy mosaics and bordered with green lawns and flower beds. Clubs in marble, with lush lounges, ritzy recreation rooms complete with billiards, beer—and beauties to serve it.

I had stepped into a private enterprise welfare community in which the worker's best friend is the boss, who cares for his employees from the cradle to the grave.

There are tennis courts, bowling greens, hockey fields and soccer pitches. Hospitals with maternity wards where babies are born at the rate of 500 a year, and their mothers get a month's leave from the looms on full pay.

Wards for toddlers aged between a few months and three years, where they are fed, washed, entertained and given nice little coats to snuggle in while mamma is busy in the mill. This service costs the mother only eight shillings a month.

Miles Ahead

A huge marble-walled, luncheon-floored wing, as spotless as it is colourful, accommodates and feeds youngsters between three and six. About 500 boys and girls were enjoying themselves on fun-fair type indoor roundabouts and tiny chairs and tables.

The home of these Marzottians is marked on the map as Valdagno. It is 23 miles from Verona, city of Romeo and Juliet. But in terms of progress, it is miles ahead of much

bigger Italian industrial centres. The name "Valdagno" does not do it justice. It should be called "Workers' Paradise," for the Marzotto empire has highly-skilled specialists, doctors and surgeons who look after the health of the workers, assisted by a small army of nurses and the most modern equipment.

I think, however, that Count Marzotto's most shining victory in the field of welfare has been scored in the sunset of his village folk's lives. The State gives old-age pensioners only £3 a month, which means misery for aged couples in a country where a 2 lb. loaf of bread costs 1s. 5d. and prime beef is 6s. a lb.

No Worries

But there are no worries for Marzotto's retired millhands. He has built a marble-walled, sun-balconied residence for them, complete with a restaurant that shines like a new pin. He has married quarters and rooms for single pensioners. If they have worked for him since their young days, he gives them pensions of nearly £12 a month. This, together with the State's contribution of £3 a month, means that they can take the last years of their lives easily.

Count Marzotto also houses hundreds of his workers' families. They live in big, airy flats with bathrooms and central heating. And some pay only £10 a year rent for five-roomed apartments with built-in cupboards and linoleum supplied by the landlord.

"No wonder I ordered champagne for breakfast in the millionaire's villa next morning and drank glasses with a pretty waitress to say: 'Viva Count Marzotto.'"

PROFILE of a LITTLE MAN with a BIG JOB

Joe Brown is off to beat a killer

THE name is Joe Brown. And he is 23 years old and only 5ft. 4ins. tall—a builder's assistant from Manchester.

And he has just set off from Liverpool to climb the third highest mountain in the world—Kinchinjunga the killer.

Kinchinjunga, in the South-Eastern Himalayas, is 28,146ft. high—only a few hundred feet smaller than Everest. It has never been climbed. And it got its name of killer from the victims it claimed on previous expeditions—in 1905 and 1933.

In this new, British expedition are nine men—Charles Evans, a surgeon, the leader; George Band, Tom McKinnon, Tony Sutherland, John Jackson, Norman Hardy, Neil Mather, John Clegg and Joe Brown.

Joe Brown has never been on a Himalayan expedition before. Yet, the man most likely to reach the top is Joe. He is that sort of man.

He has been climbing only six years. He began in a disused tin mine at Alderley Edge, Cheshire. His first rope was a thick brewer's rope. "Then," he says, "we went to the other extreme and used a clothes line."

Since then he has led rock climbs in the British Isles that other climbers thought impossible. And for the past two summers he has climbed in the Alps.

Last year he climbed the west face of the Dr. Dr. a 12,400ft. Alpine peak in two days—compared with seven days taken by a French team that made the first ascent.

The Frenchmen were amazed. But young Joe Brown looks at

congratulations with no fuss—again, he is that sort of man. He told me that he spent the night on that climb standing on a ledge with his back against the rock face. "I didn't get any sleep that night," he calmly said.

For Brown even a climbing hut is luxury. He belongs to the Manchester Rock and Ice Club of 18 members. They have no hut, always sleep out.

Once Joe Brown and some friends were swinging across a fast-flowing stream near Ben Nevis when one fell in. Joe Brown jumped in, rescued him—then refused even to change his clothes.

No snow, ice and the wildest weather hold no fears for Brown.

He has gone for a week at a time soaked to the skin but he never catches cold. "The way to dry out," he says, "is to get into a sleeping bag at night. You'll find you're dry in the morning."

He has made several rescues and in turn has had many narrow escapes. Six times he has fallen on climbs, but each time he was roped on and able to climb back.

In fact, the only time he has been injured was in the Army when a friend playfully pushed him over in the barrack-room.

"I broke my leg in three places," says Joe.

NOW a woman's footnote. His sister told me: "For six years he has never spent a week-end at home. He is always out climbing. We knew the pinnacle he was aiming at was this expedition."

Chris Lincoln



JOHNNY HAZARD



JOHNNY HAZARD



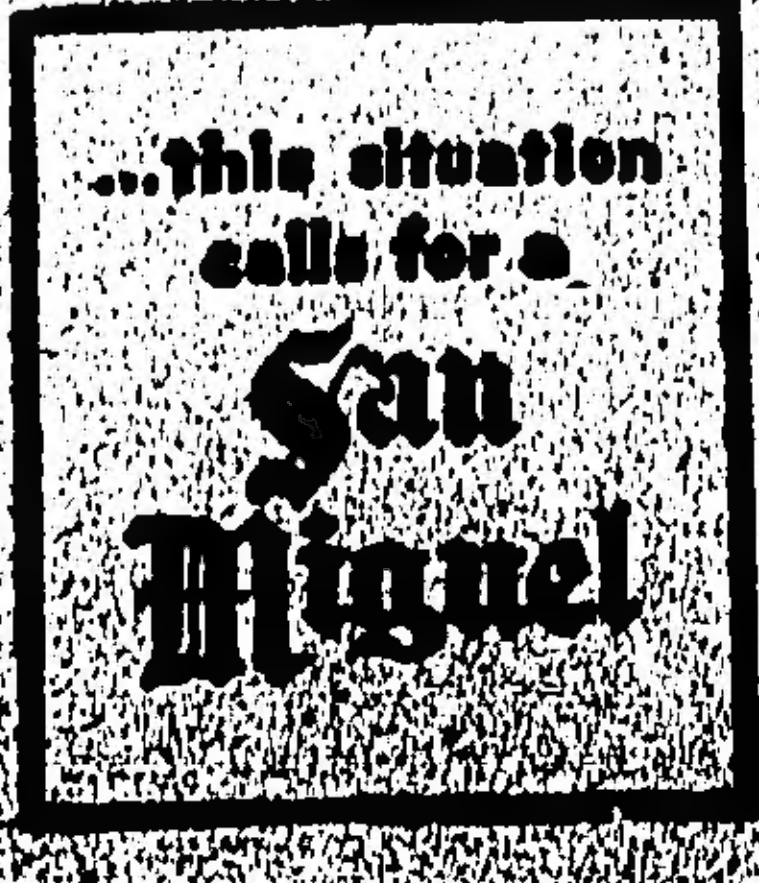
JOHNNY HAZARD



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JOHNNY HAZARD



DIVORCE

THE ARCHBISHOP GIVES THE CHURCH'S ANSWER TO AN ACUTE PROBLEM

THE Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Geoffrey Fisher, has just put forward a plan which he hopes will turn back the mounting tide of divorce sweeping through Britain.

He makes these two main points to save marriage:—

1 A single act of adultery is not a good ground for divorce.

2 No marriage in church of any divorced person with a partner still living. Because, says Dr Fisher, Christ's view of marriage was that anyone who divorced his wife and married another committed adultery.

The Archbishop's views are published in a 12-page, 29-page booklet, "Problems of Marriage and Divorce."

He traces the attitude of the Church to divorce through the centuries to today when—

"The Church realised that the mounting tide of divorce was threatening to overthrow the whole Christian conception of marriage."

"The social evils springing from broken homes became the more evident as their number increased."

"If the social evils were mounting, the moral grounds on which divorce rested were also alarmingly unsatisfactory."

Adultery

"Adultery had once been the only ground of divorce, and could claim some kind of recognition as such in the Gospels. But while continuous adultery was one thing, a single act of adultery was not a good ground on which to break up a marriage for life."

"And adulteries were 'arranged.'"

"There was no longer any security that the innocent party really was the innocent party, and in any case the line between innocence and guilt in breaking up a marriage is rarely so clear-cut as a divorce decree might suggest."

"In short, the moral basis of divorce decrees could hardly be regarded as satisfactory."

Dr Fisher first spoke up about single acts of infidelity two months ago in reply to a question put to him by the Royal Commission on Marriage and Divorce.

He created a storm by stating "It is the law which has made a single act of adultery a ground for divorce, not the Church."

"The Church would wholly approve if the law were no longer content to accept a single act of adultery as a sufficient ground."

Remarriage

His booklet, urging that there should be no remarriage after divorce when both partners are alive, poses the problem of "The Squire and the Cottage."

Says Dr Fisher:—

"Imagine the effect in a country village on the pastoral position of the parish priest if he allowed the remarriages of the squire and refused it to a cottager, even if his judgment was justified."

"Any clergyman left to decide cases on merit 'would be at the mercy of every hard luck story and would lack the means of securing reliable evidence.'"

"When it is a case of 'a public, corporate act,' such as marriage, he says, the Church must have its rule and the clergy must accept it loyally."

"It cannot be left to the varying discretion of 12,000 parish priests, or even to the varying discretion of 45 diocesan bishops."

"We may speak of the status of a person to be admitted to communion, but in the case of marriage, the question is whether the marriage is a fit one to be celebrated in church."

"The Church cannot corporately marry below Christ's

standard. It stands before the world to proclaim that this is what Christ means marriage to be and what He says it is."

More and more divorced people knew they could not be remarried in church.

"Very many of them," says Dr Fisher, "welcome the fact that the Church is upholding a standard from which they have chosen to, or been forced to, depart."

"Thus the Christian standard is being saved: the Church is doing its necessary work and making people think more seriously before they embark on marriage."

Hard Cases

Dr Fisher refers to "really hard cases."

These, he says, "are people who have had terrible spiritual suffering imposed upon them by the first marriage and, finding spiritual deliverance and renewal in the prospect of the second marriage, may desire out of a good and sincere heart that the Church should marry them."

"Is it not wrong and un-Christian to exclude them?"

"Let me say quite frankly that in some cases where a first marriage has ended in tragedy a second marriage has by every test of the presence of the Holy Spirit that we are able to recognise, been abundantly blessed."

"For this reason I do not find myself able to forbid good people who come to me for advice to embark on a second marriage."

The Archbishop puts, the Church's position before them, and tells them that it is their duty, as conscientiously as they can, to decide before God what they should do.

"If they decide, they will never again be able to bear a full and clear witness to Our Lord's declaration of what marriage is."

Disapproves

"They must decide whether this lasting spiritual loss is in their judgment outweighed by a call of God to seek spiritual gain in a second marriage."

"But that does not mean that the Church should remarry them. That would be asking the Church to compromise the one way in which it can give a clear testimony to Our Lord's standard for their sakes."

"Thus, if they feel denial of a Church marriage to be a 'cross of suffering,' they should bear it for the Church so that it may not, in its official acts of marrying, compromise the standard entrusted to it by Our Lord."

Dr Fisher disapproves of the way the Orthodox and Roman Catholic Churches exercise their marriage disciplines.

"They even hold that a Roman Catholic priest but, for example, in an Anglican church, is not validly married."

"And if divorced may be married (for the first time, according to this theory) in the Roman Church."

Problems Ahead

Dr Fisher does not believe that as a general rule divorced people who have remarried should be barred from Holy Communion. It being "the Church's bounden duty to give all the spiritual help it can to people who get involved in matrimonial trouble."

He refers to the "obvious dangers" of register office weddings. He asks if the intention of lifelong union can be assumed to exist in such cases and warns:—

"One can conceive of a situation in which the Church would be unable any longer to recognise civil marriages for Church purposes and would be driven to hold that only those married in Church are truly married—a situation which would raise very serious problems and one that must be avoided if possible."

...this situation calls for a San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

EVENING GOWN WITH
A TRICKY DETAIL

"Pastorale" by Jean Paou, is a short evening dress in old coin design. The lowered waist is emphasized by the ribbon stitched through at the back at hip level where the full skirt starts.—Agence France-Press.

Expert's Advice On Brightening
Up The House For Spring

By ANNE SCOTT-JAMES

London.

EVERYTHING in my home looks dull and dusty. The first shafts of February sunshine streaking in through the windows throw a cruel light on middle-aged chintzes and carpets and curtains, and illumine my own discontent. I want everything new.

I look up my bank-book and rattle the baby's moneybox. The most I can run to is a bit of patching-up.

There's so much to do, I can't think where to start. New curtains in every room? Or new cushions in every room? Transform the kitchen? Or repaint the woodwork "throughout"? As the same topic is in nearly every woman's mind this month, I thought I would get expert advice on how to make the least money do the most work. I went to see architect Sitt HUGH OASSON to put one question.

"I want to enjoy my house in the spring. Can't spare much money. How shall I spend it?"

"I think there are two zones of people," said Sir Hugh. "Those with young children, and those without."

"The first lot can hope to do no more than salvage work. Put back the plaster the children have kicked to pieces. Replace the breakages, and remove the smears left by

jammy fingers. Those jobs alone will mop up quite a bit of money. "But for the second zone of people—my choice would always be to concentrate. I don't believe in the odd bit of paint-work or a few new cushions. They only make the rest look shabbier."

WELCOME FEELING

GET far more pleasure from one corner of the house that looks exactly as I want it."

"Could I have some suggestions?" I asked him. "Well, why don't you repaint your front door and spend all your money on the hall? I think almost the most important thing about a house is the way you feel when you go into it. If there is warmth, colour and a feeling of welcome when you open the door, the rest will take care of itself."

Alternatively, concentrate on just one room.

"I think one gets a terrific kick out of a really comfortable bathroom. How about carpeting the bathroom, marbleising the walls and hanging up some pictures? (Cheap ones, of course, because of the steam.)

"Or here's an idea for people with daughters. "At about 15 or 16, your daughter doesn't want a child's room any longer. She needs something more feminine. A dressing-table, wallpaper, more space for her clothes. I think that once in a lifetime the year's redecorating money should be spent on her."

Sir Hugh gave me one more idea which carries still further the notion of "concentrating". He suggested letting the redecorating go hang for a year,

and spending everything on one lasting object, such as a picture, or a piece of furniture, or even one good piece of china.

He said: "In the long run, this will give you the most personal joy."

A brave idea. And, I think, a fine one.

DECORATING NEWS

HAVING soaked up this theory of doing a little bit very well, I went round the shops and decorators in search of specific news. I found—

● THAT black-and-white is the newest basic colour scheme, replacing "landlord's" cream-and-egg; e.g., black-and-white feathery wallpaper as a setting for bright fabrics.

● THAT many decorators are using dress cottons for furnishing—e.g., scarlet, cotton satin curtains edged with black bobble fringe... cotton face-cloth for chair coverings... dress organdie for curtains... permanently pleated cotton for valances.

● THAT screens, trellises, and pieces of two-way projecting furniture are getting big sales as dividers for large rooms. The idea is that one big room used for several purposes is a better use of space than a number of small rooms. I like lots of small rooms, like an egg-box.

● THAT there's a vogue for real tiles, pseudo tiles, lino in huge tile-sized checks, and marbleised linoleums and walls.

PICTURE SHOW

MEN, as you know, have a lot of bad habits. Among the worst is that of showing you their family snapshots.

They are far more pushful than women, with those out-of-focus pictures of little Alice on the beach; of Ted and Molly at the church porch; or of that dreadfully overfed baby in its pram.

Though rarely at a loss for words faced with these snapshots, I fumble vainly for an appropriate remark.

"What a delightful child," sounds so patronising. "What a heavenly baby," sounds so insincere.

The other day I saw the snapshots and all snapshots being shown by one middle-aged man to another on a bus. "That's Herbert," said the first man. "He's a machine minder."

"And who's that on the left?" "That's Victor. He's a machine minder too."

"And who's the third man?" "That's Archie. He's a machine minder as well."

The second man paused for a full minute, before producing the only possible comment. He said: "Fancy that."

(—London Express Service.)

A-line Dress By Dior



Typical of Christian Dior's A-line is this dinner gown of black coarse-grained silk, called "Audience". — Agence France-Press.

● Eileen Ascroft meets a woman with some new ideas for other women today—and finds a link with the days when our grandmothers were set free from "those awful, hated, strait-laced gowns."

MME CADOLLE CARRIES ON
WITH THE REVOLUTION

OUR grandmothers were proud of their beautiful busts and conscious of their ugly hips. Today the facts are reversed. Women's hips are more beautiful than their busts.

"This is due to the increased amount of exercise when young," says figure expert Alice Cadolle.

This Frenchwoman certainly has more claim to discuss and re-shape feminine figures than all these male fashion designers who optimistically try to improve on nature's handiwork.

Madame Cadolle's great-grandmother was Helene Cadolle, who first set women free from those awful, hated, strait-laced gowns.

Her inventions of the brassiere and the roll-on belt were two of the most important revolutions in the fashion world. They changed women's lives just as much as the suffragettes.

THE STRUGGLE

MADAME Helene had to fight for her beliefs, too. "Unhygienic," cried the medical profession when she introduced the first elastic roll-on. "Unfashionable," shrieked the older ladies at the idea of leaving waists free and unlaced.

"It took her 15 years to convince women they would be healthier and happier in her new style," said her great-granddaughter recently.

Madame Alice, whose family have now been costume designers for five generations, is in London to present some of her designs at a show in French country.

She wants to introduce a new style in dress, one that is simple, comfortable, and practical. It is a style that is in keeping with the modern woman's needs.

THINK TWICE BEFORE YOU
FOLLOW A NEW FASHION

BY HELEN FOLLETT

features, it is just plain ridiculous.

BEAUTY fads are exciting but before you follow a new fashion make sure it's becoming to you.

That "cat-look" is a current fad, and a surprising number of smarties can get away with it. Eyebrows have a distinctly rounded arch, hair is done in wings, lip ends turn slightly up. But what's it all about, for goodness sake? Why look catty? Some women will try anything, not only once but again and again!

The long-torsoed style Dior set is gaining popularity, but it's

only for the perfectly proportioned figure. In some variations, however, it may flatter the plumpish woman who is short-waisted and long-legged. On the skinny girl, this fashion only accentuates her fragile frame and lack of curves.

A blonde or silver streak in dark hair is smart on some women, calling attention to lovely, shining stresses and a chic coiffure.

The Italian hairdo, a fancy that's just about past, is cute as can be on the pink-size girl with mischief in her eyes. On the heavyweight, who has large

features, it is just plain ridiculous. In considering clothes or appearance, stick to what's flattering to your type. What glamorises one woman will turn another into a caricature!

Bare-top formals are worn by heavy, thin and perfectly proportioned women. They emphasise femininity, but they also call attention to fat or bony shoulders. They bring scrawny collarbones out in plain view. They make long thin necks look longer. Only the slim goddess should wear them, yet a young woman feels she is a step-child in the style world if she has straps over her shoulders. That's silly!

STAR TREATMENT FOR
PYJAMAS

By Dorothy Barkley

THEY are the current fashion hit in the London shops and are set to become the year's best-seller.

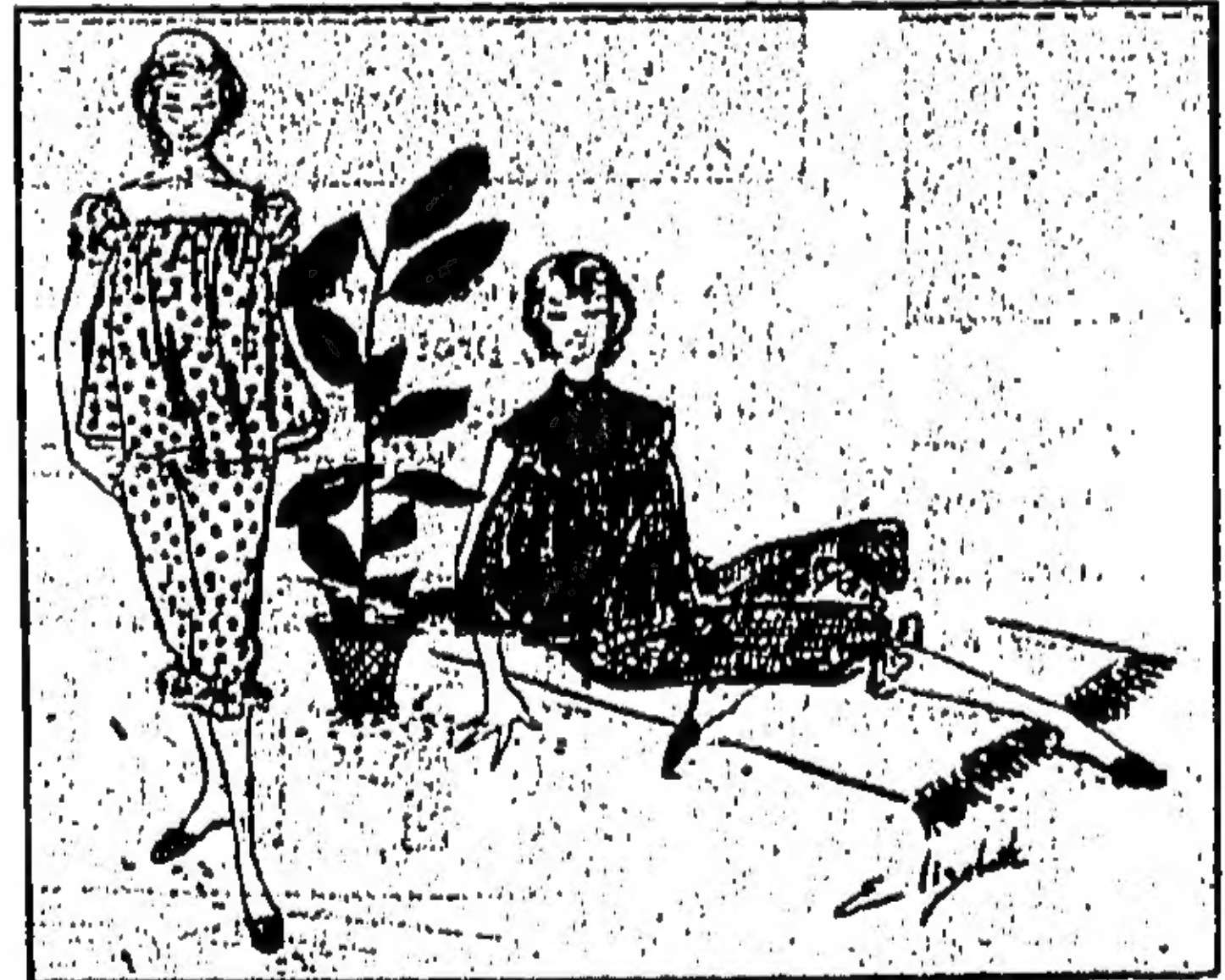
No, they have nothing to do with A-lines or H-lines, and they are all-British. For pyjamas are the latest to be given the full glamour treatment.

For the first time in years fashion has caught up with the pyjama industry and brought in new styles and materials and colours which are gay and new. Pink satin and the square-cut, straight-up-and-down type of pyjama are right out of the picture.

The fresh styles have brought a boom to the industry. "We have sold more pyjamas in the last two months than during the last two years," reported one shop. "Sales" have switched from nightdresses to pyjamas."

The pyjamas are made in every kind of cotton. Topping the list is cotton pique, a fine crinkled cotton with the feel of silk and the advantage that it requires no ironing. Next come seersucker, gingham and plain cotton. Patterns are either modern in style, featuring stripes, spots and stars, or nostalgic with old English roses rambling up and down.

Styles are equally varied. One pair in a yellow-spotted cotton, had a loose blouse top with square neck and puffed sleeves, and was matched with half-length jeans. Another pair in gay checked gingham had a top with high neck and deep yoke, and was partnered by three-quarter length jeans. Others had matching bloomers instead of jeans. One pair, all in one piece, was the latest in the market.



Left: Square-necked style pyjamas in white cotton spotted with yellow. Right: Deep-yoked style in red, blue and white checked gingham.

laced trimming. It lined collars, piped cuffs and gull-necked yokes. Light and cool, these pyjamas are a boon in hot weather. They are also good travellers. They take up little room in your suitcase, and weigh next to nothing. They wash easily, dry quickly and need no ironing.

Other lounging clothes currently in fashion are brunch coats made in padded cotton; they look like scaled-down patch-work quilts. Gilt length, they go with the new length of pyjamas, and also take up little space in a suitcase. There are also brunch coats in plain cotton. Some of these could do double duty as a dress, and one designer shows a brunch coat as part of a three-piece beach outfit.

For those who prefer the traditional full-length house coat, there are checked gingham styles full skirted and trimmed with a trim from top to toe. Created with tribulation, the new pyjamas are a real boon. They are comfortable, warm, and stylish. They are the perfect solution for the modern woman's needs.

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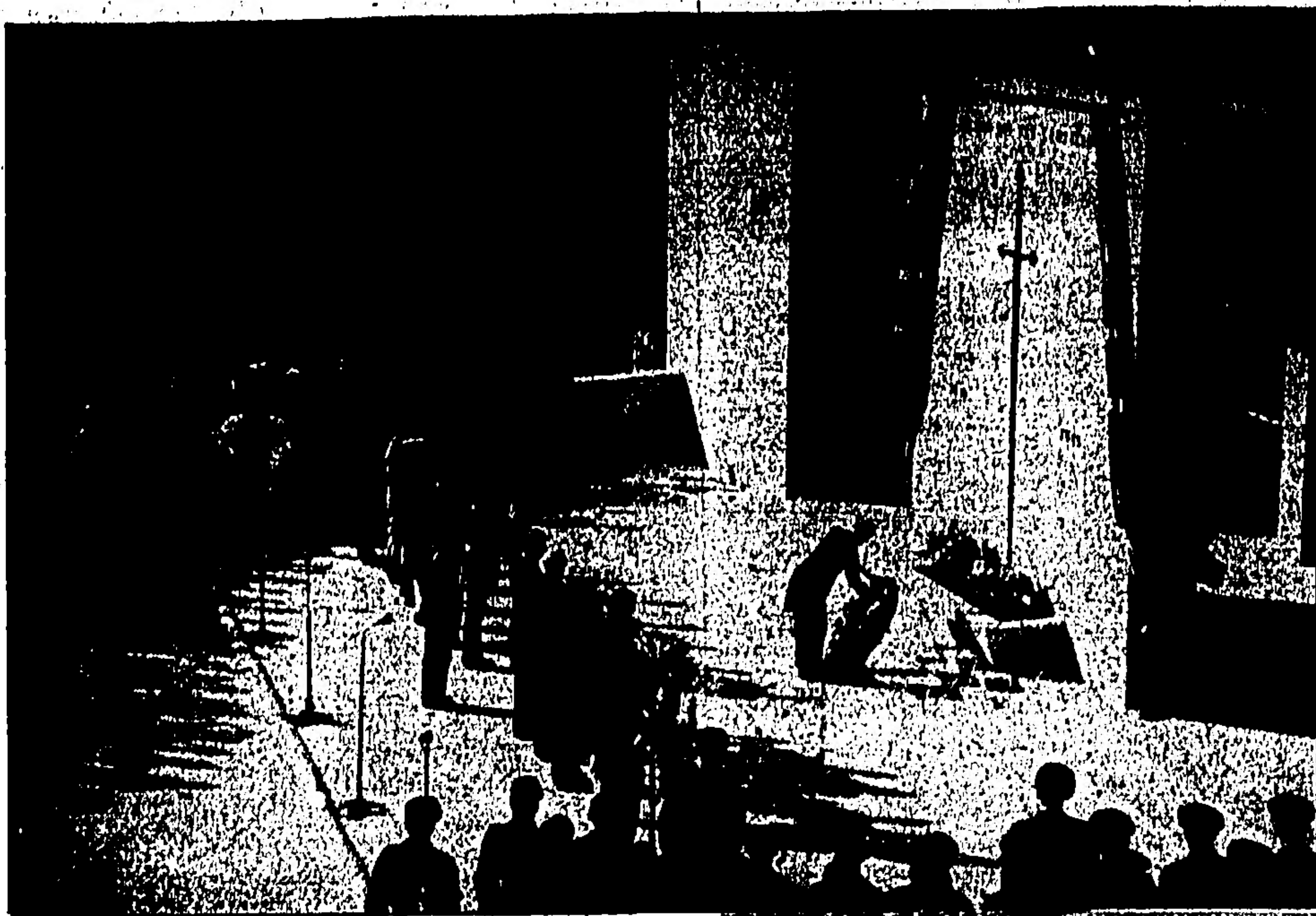
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HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, laying a wreath after unveiling the Salwan Bay War Memorial last Sunday. On the memorial are inscribed the names of 2,200 Hongkong war dead with no known graves. Right: Relatives of those honoured at the ceremony. (Staff Photographer)



LT-COL J. J. Sullivan (right) won the Army Squash Championship by defeating Capt. R. D. Weekes (left) in a hard fought final at Victoria Barracks on Thursday. (Staff Photographer)



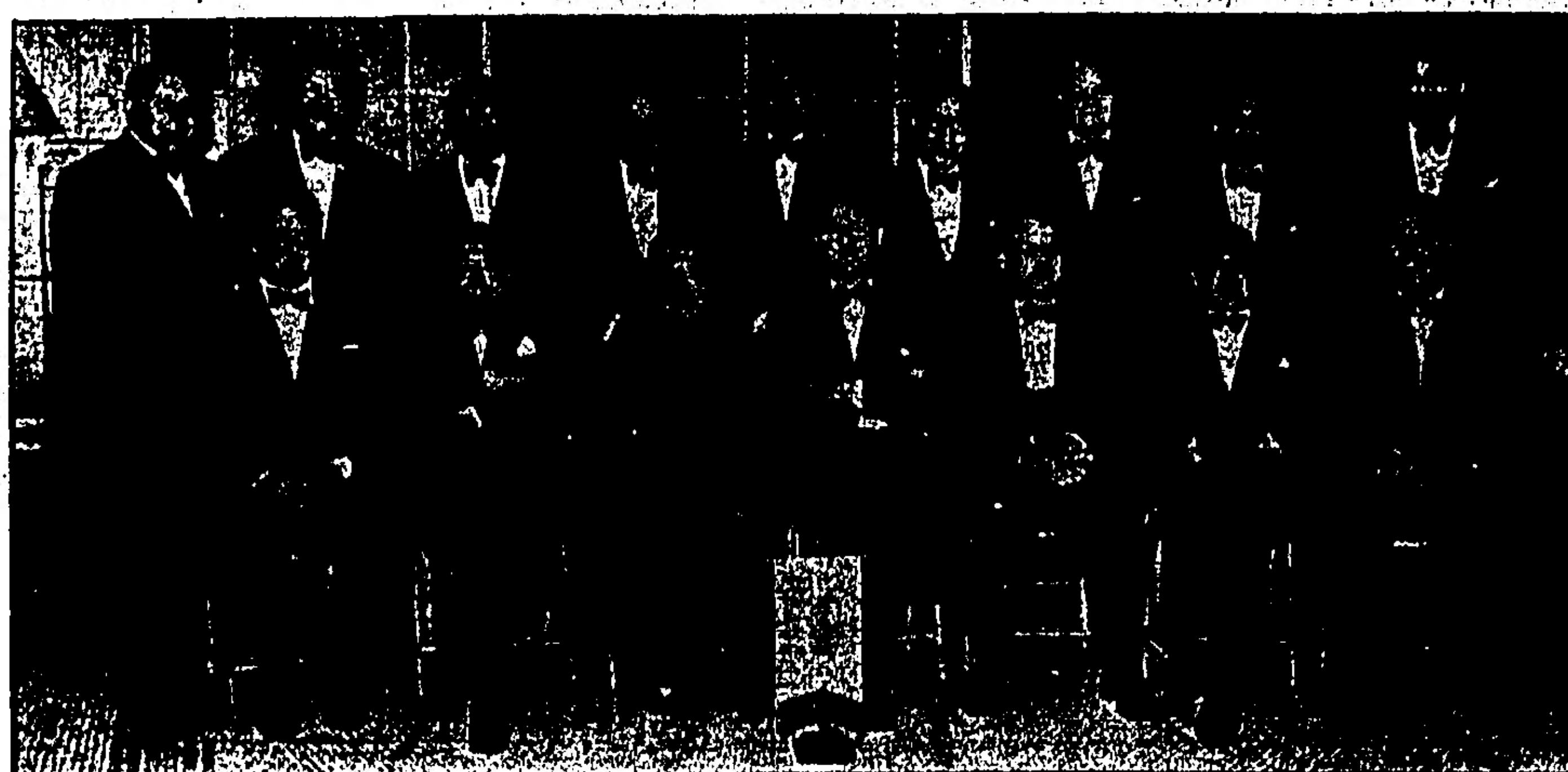
LOOKING over the Tung Wah Hospital Kowloon No. 1 Primary School in Shantung Street after its opening on Wednesday. With Mr. Seaward Woo (front row, left), Chairman of the Tung Wah Group, are the Hon. and Mrs. R. R. Todd. (Staff Photographer)



FAMILY picture taken after the christening at the English Methodist Church of Warwick and Richard, twin sons of Mr and Mrs T. H. W. King. (Ming Yuen)



RIGHT: Group picture taken at the dinner party in honour of the Hon. and Mrs R. B. Black given by the Unofficial Members of the Executive and Legislative Councils at the Golden Dragon Restaurant last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



PARTY of Netherlands residents of Hongkong performing a Dutch national dance at the Club de Macao during the Carnival last week-end.



MR John Yuen (right), President of Rotary Club of Hongkong Island East, presenting a banner to Mr W. V. Pennell, President of the Hongkong Rotary Club, at the Golden Jubilee Luncheon at Winner House. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: A merry party of "Red Indians" at the Hongkong Art Club Ball on Thursday evening. Venue of the Ball was the Rose Room. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Macao Hockey Club and Club de Recreio teams who provided some thrilling hockey last Sunday. The Macao team won. (Staff Photographer)



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MR LI King-pan, Government Executive Officer who is retiring after 35 years' service, speaking at a party held at the Colonial Secretariat when he was presented with farewell gifts from his colleagues. From left: Mr R. W. H. Maynard, Mr Li, the Hon. R. B. Black, the Hon. A. G. Clarke and Mr C. B. Burgess. (Staff Photographer)

THE Canadian Ambassador to Japan, the Hon. Mr Justice T. C. Davis, greeted on arrival by plane from Tokyo last week. He came here to attend the unveiling of the Salwan Bay War Memorial. (Staff Photographer)

MR N. Sykes, President of the Society of Yorkshiramen, addressing members and guests at the 19th annual dinner dance of the Society, held at the Peninsula Hotel. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Wedding at St Teresa's Church on Monday of Mr Alfredo Lopes Nery and Miss Maria Teresa Gutierrez. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Wedding of Dr D. J. A. Jarvis, of Borneo, and Miss Valerie Edmunds. The ceremony took place at St John's Cathedral last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



THE Hon. R. R. Todd, Secretary for Chinese Affairs, and Mrs Todd farewelled by the Chinese Manufacturers' Union. The Todds will be leaving Hongkong next month on retirement. (Staff Photographer)



RED CROSS workers distributing clothing to victims of the fire at Shek Wu Hui, New Territories. (Staff Photographer)



CHUNG SING Nursing Division won the Arculli Shield, competed for by 12 teams at St John Ambulance Brigade Headquarters last Sunday. Judges viewing one part of the work. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: At the farewell party given by the staff of Gibb, Livingston and Co., Ltd. for their Managing Director, Mr E. L. Grooms (centre), who is retiring. On the left is Mr Leung Fattin; on the right Mr T. W. Bone. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Mrs H. I. G. Rylands presenting prizes at the Forces dance held at the Women's International Club last week. (Staff Photographer)

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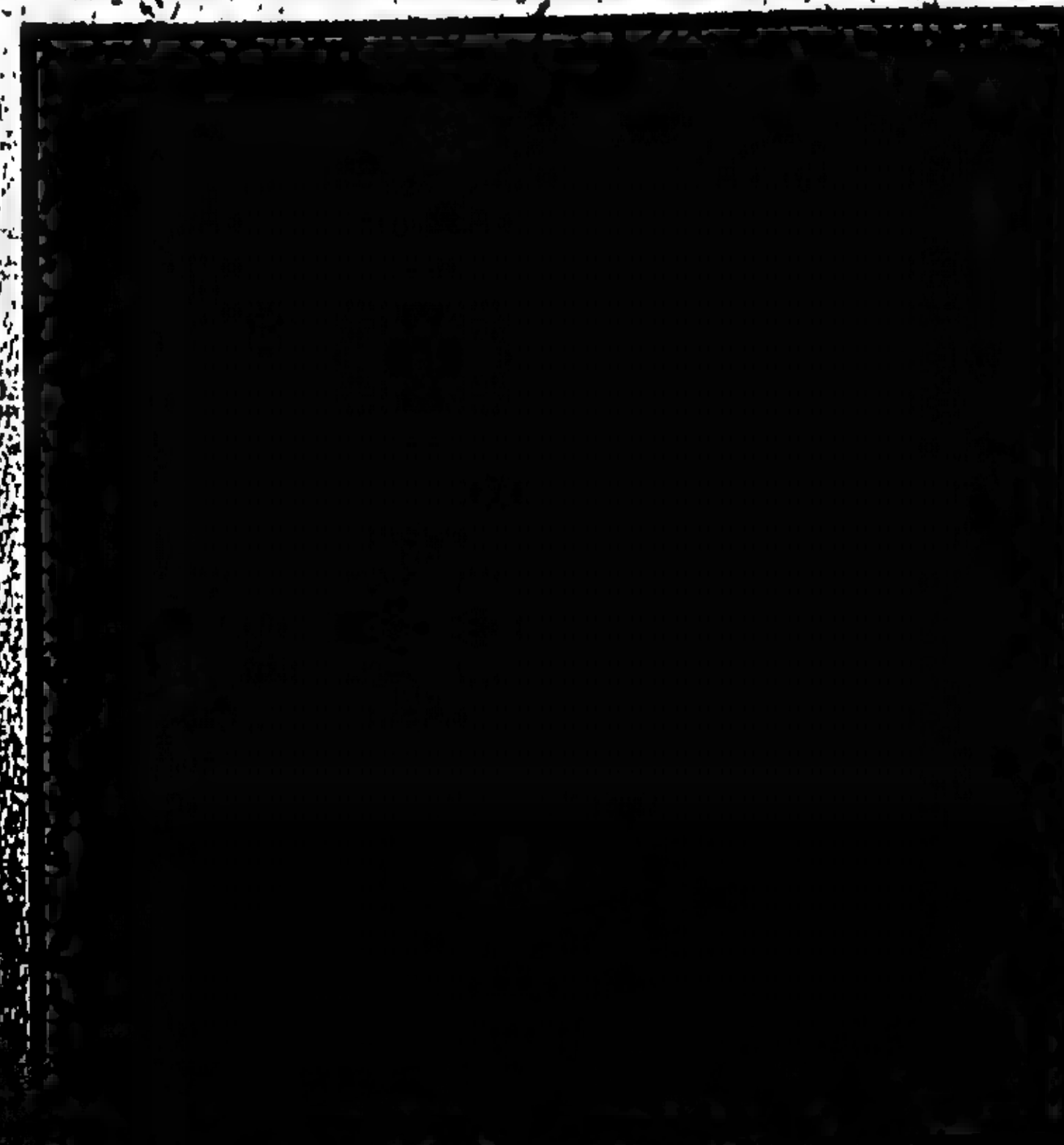
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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

☆☆☆

Helen Burke is visiting London's most distinguished chefs to pick up tips that only the real experts can provide. Today she reports on her visit to Eugene Kaufeler, of the Dorchester.

MR KAUFELER GRILLS HIS FRIED EGGS

THE youngest chef in London holding a premier position is Eugene Kaufeler. He is Maître Chef des Cuisines at the Dorchester.

When I called on him I was astonished at the scene in the kitchens under his direction.

Everything was spotlessly clean, of course, and his chefs in sparkling white. But what bustle and noise—especially during the "rush" with waiters streaming into the kitchen, handing over their orders and baying them called out at top voice!

Yet everything runs smoothly and without fuss. Upwards of 120 dishes are listed on the menus every day. These include a dozen specialties from the grill, such as fully garnished porterhouse steaks, far four and chateaubriands for two.

A cooking staff of more than 100, as well as a large hotel staff—apart from the guests—are fed, each day, from these beautifully equipped kitchens with their half-dozen refrigerators. In addition, there are daily banquets at which catering is carried out for anything from 20 to 1,000 covers. And every dish is shell-impeccable!

1.—Breakfast

Breakfasts were still being served when I arrived. I watched one cook making a special omelette.

He started with clarified butter in a small, shallow, black iron pan. Into it went thirty sliced mushrooms.

After half a minute over strong heat, he added the seasoned eggs, beaten just enough to mix them, and gave them a good stir with a fork. Then he added chopped, skinned, deseeded tomatoes and gave the pan a good bang or two on the stove top to loosen the eggs from the pan.

Next, he tipped up the pan at the handle, lifted the omelette nearest to the fork and urged it forward to start it to roll.

Holding a heated plate under the edge of the pan, he turned the omelette on to it—a perfect omelette, the eggs as yellow as when they went into the pan.

Another man was frying eggs in butter and here is a tip: Instead of turning them or saving them just long enough for the bottom to set, then he slid the pan under the grill. In this way both tops and bottoms are perfectly cooked. It sets the top into a silky, opaque surface.

2.—Soup

Soups were being prepared for lunch. Look and Judge! Soup—some of the best of the vegetable ones—was made with water for "stock" because it did not change the delicate flavour of the whole.

For Cream of Chicken Soup, the fat rising from half a dozen marinated simmering boiling birds was being ladled off into a container, from which it was taken to make a white roux with flour. That fat is much better than any other for the beginning, because it ac-

cepts the chicken flavour, whereas everything else would blanket it.

For a special luncheon, Cream of Corn (or Maize) Soup was also being made. This was simply the Cream of Chicken Soup with the addition of corn kernels, first well pounded and then elevated. A lovely cream soup this.

3. Soufflees

I saw several of these being made. You need no recipe, because any reliable cookery book will give you one, but what you do not find in cookery books is that the soufflé will rise straight up without slipping over the edge and without that paper collar on the dish which we housewives are so sure a soufflé needs.

When you have three-quarter filled the greased and lightly floured soufflé dish with the mixture, level it off with a knife, then run the tip of your thumb right around the outer edge of the mixture against the edge of the dish. Place the soufflé in the dead centre of a moderately hot oven and leave it there without attention, for at least 15 minutes, when you can safely take a peep at it. If it is rising lopsided, it may be that the oven heat is a little uneven, so very gently turn the dish in the oven. When it has risen quite considerably, and is nicely browned on the surface, it is ready.

A good soufflé is not cooked all the way through but is light and soft.

M. Kaufeler and I had a chat over lunch, which comprised the best and largest vegetable I have enjoyed for a long time, gently cooked in butter only; and soft.

As the story goes, the parents always believed that the baby's breast-feeding provided him the immunity.



EUGENE KAUFELER
Maître Chef des Cuisines

cauliflower in creamy sauce and new potatoes au naturel. For a sweet (you will not believe it!) junket and a peach poached in vanilla syrup. Just right, don't you think?

"Good food should not be exciting," M. Kaufeler said. "If people would eat a little more thoughtfully, they would not find it so boring."

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London Express Service.)

Experts On Feeding Problems

A RIGHT START FOR THE BABY

By Garry C. Myers, Ph.D.

IN the home where Mrs. Myers and I now live, according to the family record, five young children, years ago before the days of toxin-anti-toxin, all died within a few weeks. The nursing baby escaped disease.

As the story goes, the parents always believed that the baby's breast-feeding provided him the immunity.

FOR HEALTHIER BABIES

Modern medical science has found that this could be so. Breast-fed babies are more likely to live and grow up. They gain in growth more consistently, have fewer allergies, have fewer skin and digestive disorders, and longer natural immunity to many diseases. Moreover, the breast-fed baby is less likely to develop "feeding problems" later. He associates food from the beginning with love and cuddling. He thinks food is fun. So say the experts.

Leading hospitals in America are now actively promoting old-fashioned breast-feeding of babies. Eminent physicians, such as Benjamin Spock, John Montgomery and John Forbes, have helped us realize that mothers and babies both profit from the intimacy and warmth that was almost frozen out of

many streamlined "scientific" nurseries in recent years. The popular idea that modern young women are "too civilized" or "too nervous" for breast-feeding has been shattered. The famous New England specialist, Dr. F. F. Fildes, writes: "There is a special and intimate relationship between the milk of the mother and the needs of her own offspring."

Experts also tell us that the mother of the new baby, unquestionably, gets back faster to normal physical condition if she nurses her baby.

OTHER CASES

There are, of course, some women who feel nursing distasteful, and a few others who have little or no natural food supply. Unfortunately, some hospitals used to give new mothers edibestrol or so-called "drying-up" pills as routine, and it is said that a few still do. Yet some pediatricians in hospitals are finding ways to increase the new mother's milk supply. More mothers are seeking what should be done before entering the hospital. More are choosing the hospital that takes a genuine interest in nursing.

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A WARNING HINT TO MOTHERS
While feeding baby, keep the bottle tipped so that milk fills the teat. This prevents baby swallowing air with the milk. Further useful information will be found in the Ostermilk Baby Book. Send an envelope today to: Ostermilk, Dept. 100, Ltd., 100, Hong Kong and a FREE copy will be sent to you.

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LOOK! YOUR OWN WORK...

By SHIRLEY LOWE

THE SMITHS of SOMERSET are a young couple who believe in living and saving the Do-It-Yourself way. Married five years, they've made nearly everything for their four-roomed bungalow outside Bath.

Dressing-tables, sideboard, tables, divan bed, lamp standards, cupboards, trolley, gas poker, bookcases, clothes pulley, and even the central heating system have been constructed in 29-year-old Andrew Smith's home-made workshop.

And Marion Smith, also 29, makes the bedspreads, rugs,

clothes mirrors, picture frames, embroidery (the sewing done the odd bit of carpet work, and makes all the clothes for 11-month-old Susan.

"When we want a thing—we make it," said Andrew.

"That mirror, for instance..."

And here's the Smiths way to make a mirror:

First you need: 1. A tenpenny saw. 2. A miller box or block to ensure that the corners are square at the correct angle of 45 degrees. 3. A 1½ lb. hammer. 4. Some lengths of framing and some panel pins—¼ in. long nails without heads.

It's tricky

Measure the size of the mirror glass for framing, then mark out and cut the timber so that the dimensions inside the glass rebate will be just right. Check the mitres carefully, remembering that they must both slope inwards.

The tricky job is nailing the frame together. First, drive one panel pin through one piece of frame, so that the nail comes through the joint surface of the wood, the point protruding about 1/16 in.



★ The Smiths of Somerset, Marion and Andrew, use the best reward of all for their latest Do-It-Yourself job... two brand smiles.

Set the piece of frame to which this has to be nailed up in a vice, and put a spot of glue on its mitre surface. The first piece of frame with the nail through it is then placed in position, only ¼ in. for up.

This is important, so that when the nail is tapped down the hammer will drive it down into its correct position, giving a neat, professional-looking joint. Press the other joints similarly.

Now fit the mirror. The final backing should be strong brown paper glued on after some pins have been

lapped in to hold the glass and backing together.

But perhaps you would prefer the gilt-framed mirror like the Smiths?

They made it from one of those ornate gilt frames that surround old photographs of family groups. Perhaps you can find one, too.

Disassemble and clean the old frame and mitre very carefully, and from the front, to reduce the risk of the plasterwork breaking.

Lastly, give the old frame a new look with gold paint.

WHY DO WE GET TIRED?

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

BEING tired within reason is a normal and not altogether unpleasant sensation. When the time comes for rest there can be a luxurious feeling of enjoyable relaxation. But when fatigue becomes excessive or continuous, there is no pleasure connected with it. There is rather a tremendous drag and a drain on vitality until life can become a burden.

Fatigue is abnormal when one is tired for no apparent reason, or when one tires too easily on very slight provocation, or when one wakes up more tired than when he went to bed, or when there is poor recuperation from rest after exertion.

Normal fatigue is due to using up the energies and the nutritional reserves of the body. This may be done by work, either physical or mental, or it may be done through athletic competition, exertion, sports, or play.

The physiology of fatigue is complicated, but it can be explained simply by saying that fatigue occurs when the energy sources in the body, particularly

the animal starch or glycogen, have been used up, and the products of cell activity, mainly lactic acid, have accumulated. But fatigue may also be caused by mental and emotional stresses. There is a lot down which is more than physical after emotionally charged events such as athletic competition, great achievements or great failures, financial losses, bereavements, frustrations, and life's big events, such as marriage, death, birth, or serious illness.

It has been observed that fatigue may be one of the manifestations of frustrations or resentments due to life situations unacceptable to the individual which cannot be overcome and to which the individual has not learned to cope. Such emotional stresses bring about a great many physical symptoms, among which are headaches, backaches, digestive upsets, and perhaps most of all, tiredness. Just ordinary boredom may produce fatigue.

Everyone knows the individual who becomes very tired at the end of a day's work and who goes to sleep. There is a great category of causes for being tired, perhaps the greatest category of all, lies in the emotional realm and can be sought there only by experienced professional people, namely, physicians and perhaps in special cases, by psychiatrists.

has been customary in the past for contemplative observers to regard this as a manifestation of laziness or unwillingness to work, the general comment being, "If she has energy to go dancing, why can't she cook decent meals for her family?"

Change Helps

This more or less natural conclusion may nevertheless be quite wrong because it is a well-established fact that fatigue can be overcome by a change in occupation or a switch from boredom to lively interest, almost as well as by rest.

There are, of course, physical causes for fatigue. Among these are a great many diseases, prolonged convalescence from serious illness, indigestion, or chronic diseases, and perhaps most important of all, nutritional deficiencies due to unwise diet. Overwork or too much play likewise can cause fatigue. It can be insufficient rest or sleep.

But when all the physical causes and those based on unwise living habits have been eliminated, there remains a great category of causes for being tired, perhaps the greatest category of all, lies in the emotional realm and can be sought there only by experienced professional people, namely, physicians and perhaps in special cases, by psychiatrists.



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OMEGA

MINISTERING ANGELS TO THE POOR OF HONGKONG

Staff Writer Tony Motta goes the round with a Family Welfare Case Worker

As my eyes became accustomed to the Stygian gloom I made out shapes—human forms which had ethereally materialised around five pairs of eyes.

Fighting off swarms of flies which buzzed in the doorway—if a rickety bamboo frame supporting a flimsy piece of wood could be called a doorway—I poked head and shoulders, over a muddy threshold, into the dark interior.

Dirty boxes and filthy, ragged clothes hanging from nails and rusty hooks stuck in the flimsy roof, layed dimly under the weight of countless flies.

☆☆☆

An overpowering odour of mustiness and decay hung thick as the dust in the air. Venturing no further I listened to the conversation between a European lady and a middle-aged Chinese woman.

The woman was sitting on her bed—a piece of fibre propped up on two stones—half-heartedly feeding four boys from a single bowl of watery rice gruel.

"How are you getting on?" the lady was asking in Chinese. An apathetic "tuh la" (alright) and a wave of the hand which took in the six-by-four interior was the woman's reply.

Now, you might well wonder about the identity



Inside the hut in Nam Cheong Street

of this lady. There she stood, almost doubled up in a "fibre-tin-bamboo" structure, chattily inquiring after the occupants' welfare as though it was the most natural thing in the world.

Well, she is typical of the many workers in the Hongkong Family Welfare Society who, above their other duties at the centres, have a quota of interviews and visits to fulfil.

Hence, the peripatetic members of this welfare organisation are known, and very aptly, as Case Workers.

They are, in fact, welfare missionaries. The need for the work they are doing has long been felt and is now being realised.

The Hongkong Family Welfare Society has four centres in the Colony, two on each side of the harbour. An idea of the magnitude of the work this institution has been doing is provided by the 1954 Case Work Report.

This lists a total number of 27,745 cases dealt with during the year (an increase of about 7,000 over

the previous year's figure) and 51,542 interviews.

This tends to indicate that each case is accorded on an average of two visits a year, but this is not so. Some cases are visited once a quarter; others are visited twice a year, and some not at all.

When a case is registered with a centre, information about the family is taken and filed. For the first year each case is visited fairly frequently, so that the centre can assess the individual needs and—more important still—is in a position to check the validity of a family's claim.

☆☆☆

Let us go "behind the scenes" with a Case Worker.

The squalid hut, which we visited at 3.15 in the afternoon, housed a man aged 50, his wife, and four sons the eldest under 10 years of age.

The hut is in the middle of Nam Cheong Street, Shumshui, and is flanked on both sides by a range of similar dingy little dwellings. All these rambling little huts seem to have sprouted from the ground like a row of ugly mushrooms. In violent contrast, there are some street stalls, displaying colourful wares of a cheap quality, which appear to have stalked their claim on the road before the less affluent families.

The family we saw is struggling along on an income of between two and three dollars daily, depending on whether the husband can get work regularly as a casual earth cooler.

His wife, in a vain effort to make ends meet, pastes paper for bags and spends the rest of the time looking after her children whom she cannot afford to send to school. Just as the Case Worker was about to leave on her rounds I noticed that something was amiss. Was it the pool light?

No! Three of the boys had "cloven" hands and feet and the youngest boy had six toes on each foot! The mother was similarly afflicted.

☆☆☆

The condition is hereditary and is known as Syndactyly (Lobster-Hand and Claw-Foot). The youngest child is afflicted with "Polydactyly". Although suffering from abject poverty and blighted by nature the children frolicked and were quite happy.

The family has been under the "eye" of Family Welfare for three years now, and, apart from food and clothing grants, has been given a loan of \$30 to buy

a fishing net for the husband when he was making a living by fishing.

At 3.35 p.m. the Case Worker was climbing up a narrow staircase in a tenement in Kiling Street. Following hard on her heels I squeezed into one of five cubicles which divided the room and saw....

A middle-aged woman sitting on her bed and talking to the Case Worker. As she answered questions about her health, the welfare of her family, and her needs, she looked at her benefactress with a devotion akin to worship.

If you have ever harboured any doubts about the gratitude of these simple people, rest assured that your doubts were unfounded!

It is ironic to think how simple these needs are; how little it takes to satisfy them and make them happy, and yet how far removed their chances of obtaining this happiness were till the advent of social welfare case workers.

It was evident that "Hope" in the eyes of these poor, walked hand in hand with the



A corner of the Kiling Street tenement

Case Worker. The way the woman freely discussed her problems illustrated her joy in the thought that "someone cares whether I live or die."

With four children to look after, the youngest suffering from TB in the leg bones—the mother had taken in another child whom she feeds for 50 cents a day.

With 10 families living in five cubicles and three bed spaces, the tainted air was soon unhealthily close. Ragged clothes, dirty old fruit crates and floors littered with dirt added to the squalor of the cramped quarters.

It was rather strange to see yellowed photographs of a wedding and other ceremonies prominently displayed in a frame—a treasured legacy of better days which struck a discordant note.

This family has been registered with Family Welfare since 1951 and has received a loan of \$220 for a fruit stall. Through the recommendation of a Case Worker the boy suffering from TB in the bones is being treated at Salyingun Hospital. The family receives food grants, milk powder, multi-purpose food, and summer and winter clothes.

As the Case Worker descended the rickety staircase the woman shouted "Goodbye and thank you."

☆☆☆

We were off again. The next stop, the Shek Kip Mei Resettlement Area, was reached shortly after 4 p.m. There a fire victim's family reported that all was well.

At 4.30 p.m. after a long walk along a twisting footpath in Shek Kip Mei Village, the Case Worker visited a family whose head was suffering an incurable disease and was unable to work.

The wife was dejectedly feeding her five children, but smiled when the Case Worker appeared. The hut, an ancient structure sunk in sludge and refuse, is occupied by nine families.

The Case Worker renewed her offer of a \$1,000 loan to the family to start a cooked food stall, but the woman shrugged.

William Hickey

FROM THE WINGS I WATCH A ROYAL SCENE IN RURITANIA

YOU just couldn't help enjoying the marriage of Princess Maria Pia and Prince Alexander in the seaside village of Cascais.

It was like taking part in a new light opera set in the present Ruritania where the sun always shines.

Where nobles are all elegant and open-handed. Where peasants are happy and contented in their lot. Where there are fiestas and vino and dancing every other day.

I could hardly believe the scene was true as I stood in the Square of the Assumption and waited to go into the little white-washed church.

Lovely girls

The sun was as warm as a June day in England. It shone on the sea. It shone on the green and pink and blue houses. It brought out the colours in the flowers. It brought out the colours of the dresses.

It made an unforgettable picture of the several score of young Italian girls who had been brought over to line the red carpet into the church.

They were lovely girls and they were wearing all the different gala peasant costumes of Italy—red, gold, blue, with lace and strange head-dresses, red stockings, green stockings, white stockings. They were out of a gigantic and brilliant production of "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Behind the rows of police—in their uniforms of blue with spotless white—the people stood and sang songs as they waited.

The big cars started to sweep up with the diplomats and the generals in gorgeous uniforms, the princes and princesses.

I was so bemused by it all that I couldn't believe my eyes.

when I saw the young Duke of Kent at the side of the Duchess, with Princess Alexandra a few steps behind. Seeing them made me realise that it wasn't just an opera production.

Although, mind you, the Duchess does this sort of thing wonderfully well. She looks tremendously elegant. And she seems to have a certain special grace when she is abroad.

A 10-yard train

Umberto, the ex-King of Italy, arrived with his daughter, the bride, who had a magnificent embroidered train that must have been 10 yards long. The girls in the peasant costumes curtsied and bowed. The Italian monarchists lining the entrance shouted: "Viva! Viva!"

Everybody was doing all the things that should be done in Ruritania.

The little church with its ornate gilt decorations was filled to suffocation with enough royalty to fill up 20 or 30 kingdoms.

The ceremony was soon over. The bride put a ring on her husband's finger. The bridegroom then followed suit.

I was in the sacristy when they signed the register. The prince was looking a little worn. "But yes," he said to me, "we could have done with something bigger. What a crush."

Then it was out into the sunshine again, with flowerbeds crackling off and lots and lots more "Vivas." But the whole business was never out of control. The stage management was superb.

To the reception

The diamonds and mink and uniforms were swept off in their cars for a little drive through the countryside to the reception at Estoril—and if it wasn't at a palace, well it was at the Palacio Hotel, which is rather better kept-up than most palaces can afford.

As the cars glided through the countryside the old women driving donkeys stood with a dumb wonderous look at the sight. The boys in the village streets waved their hands.

Well, Act I was over. Now for the festa.

Vino flowed from enormous long bars in the gardens and in the reception rooms, and if no fountain flowed with wine, well, there must have been enough wine drunk to keep the fountains in Trafalgar Square going all day.

The girls in costume strolled around in gay little groups. The Italian monarchists came in with their banners and their "Vivas." The aristocracy and the gentry ate and drank and talked.

To complete the scene there were young romantic students in tattered gowns. They came from Coimbra, the Oxford of Portugal.

They seem to have a sort of privilege to attend this sort of thing. And when they want to do honour to a personality they cast their gowns on to the ground in the Walter Raleigh tradition.

The bill

They did it for the bride of course. But they also did it for the Duchess of Kent. "She's English. She's beautiful," they told me.

Their gowns are not tattered for poverty's sake. When they have a romance they tear off a bit from the bottom of the gown. And I should say that the students by the end of the evening were having quite a tearing time with the Italian girls.

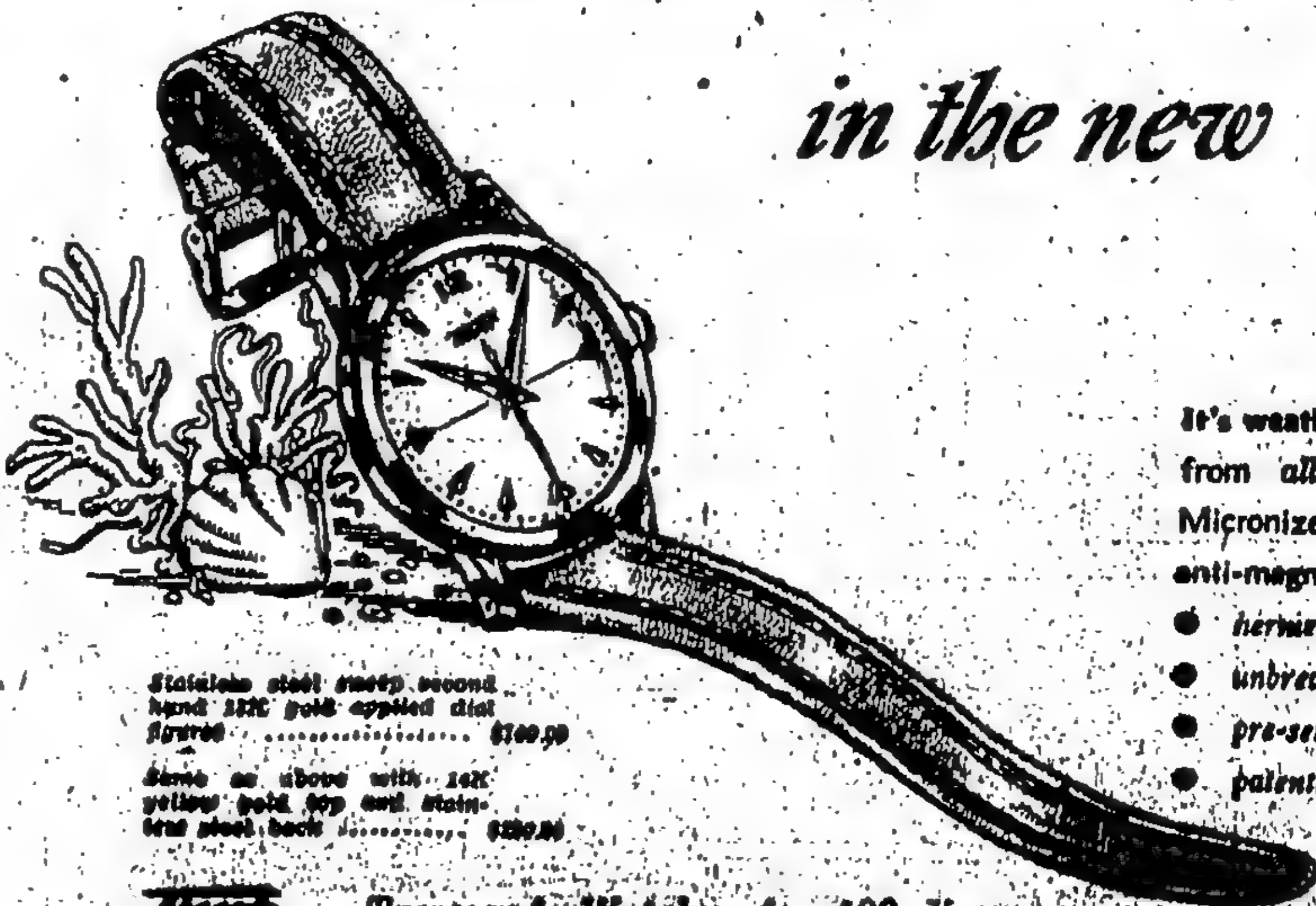
What did it all cost? I estimate that the festa must have cost £6,000. And with the other receptions, parties, hospitality, and goodness-knows-what, the wedding must have cost between £15,000 and £20,000.

Well, you couldn't put on a lavish production like this off the cheap—as every good stage manager knows.

But it was fun, if you didn't take it too seriously. If you tried not to think of the real world of 1955.

I know that when I return to workaday, cold old England there will be times when I shall look back to this with what the Portuguese call "saudade"—which is a mixture of pleasure, nostalgia, and sadness.

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ARTIE'S HEADLINE



PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

DREAM PRISONS In two French gaols the prisoners did not much mind being prisoners. They could slip outside to the races at odd times, or even go home to see their wives. And the prison chiefs thought it was all right too—they could make a little pocket money out of it.

But, declared the prison authorities, you could be just a little too nobby-pummy with tough prisoners. So last week they sacked the chiefs of the two prisons.

These were bargain basement prisons. The registrar of one, it

turned out, was arrested because he was giving "day passes" to prisoners so they could all slip away—to the movies, to the races—meet their folks outside visiting hours, and even go home if they cared to.

And the little dream prison at Pont l'Evêque was shut down and the registrar sacked for letting the same kind of thing go on there.

Police had uncovered a "tariff concession" racket to prisoners varying between £20 and £40. For £40 a prisoner could get "the works": a complete release while he was still being reported present to the authorities.

For the smaller fee, families in the lower income groups could still get a real bargain: convicts could have their wives as boarders and take them out shopping for a day from time to time.

And everything was going dandy until a prisoner, hoping to get a few years sliced off his sentence, told the authorities.

Those without the ready cash had to do what one prisoner did recently—escape over a roof and a high wall.

MENU SERVICE Harassed housewives in Hull have had their cooking problems solved for them by a bachelor.

It started when Councillor George Waddington heard so many housewives saying: "I just don't know what to cook for dinner."

What could be easier, he thought, than to plan a special menu for each day. One could even list the ingredients, and add a few words about the preparation.

Soquel is that the council have approved a special telephone menu service. Tapes recorded, it is played over and over again between 8.30 a.m. and noon. By that time, the housewife should have made up her mind.

NO COMPLAINT The Guards, the Queen's elite troops, rigid in red tunics, are traditionally immovable in the face of danger—even before Hollywood's luscious lovelies.

On sentry duty they do not bat an eye when the girls peer at them, or when some infant cowboy from the Middle West (with his fond mother beside him) draws a toy pistol from zero range.

But such provocation against the Guards was all too much for Col. Marcus Lipton, Labour MP for Brixton. And he told Parliament that "libertigibbels" from Hollywood were using

these sentries as stooges for publicity purposes.

But Parliament, with due respect for the Guards, considered that the "libertigibbels" from overseas should be allowed to continue enjoying London's scenery.

Commented War Minister Anthony Head, an ex-Guards officer: "Without putting another sentry in front of the sentry, I do not know what we can do." And he added that he had heard no complaints from the sentries about the luscious lovelies.

ROLLED OUT Barrel Bertha has been rolled out of her Sophiatown (South Africa) home—literally. Nobody knows Bertha's second name. But Bertha has lived in a backyard barrel for years—more years than the social welfare people, who keep tabs on these things, can remember.

She has always paid her rent promptly—five shillings a month, and the barrel was always spotlessly clean. It even had a little shelf with a religious picture on it.

But last week the government's men arrived and rolled her out, not stopping to ask whether she really liked life in a barrel or not.

Unlike most of Sophiatown's 62,000 Africans, however, she wasn't sorry. The government moved her into a little house in the new area where Africans are being housed.

And she spent the whole afternoon just looking—looking at walls that are square and not round and marvelling that she can stand up without banging her head on a barrel stave.

Bertha likes the government.

THE WAR The war is on between the steeplejacks and Pious Viridis Pluvius—and Pious is winning.

In three of Britain's counties—Essex, Hertfordshire and Essex—steeplejacks are on the watch for Pious—a green woodpecker which is jabbing holes in dozens of wooden church spires.

Some of the spires have as many as a thousand holes in them, holes you could put your thumb into.

But the steeplejacks haven't been able to catch the woodpeckers at their pecking yet. Steeplejack Sidney Larkins says the woodpeckers "have swung their attack" against church spires because their favourite telegraph poles are now being bolted in crescote. And woodpeckers don't like crescote.



G. E. LEWES—A high-minded affair...

THE GEORGE ELIOT LETTERS. Edited by Gordon S. Haight. Oxford University Press. Three volumes. 1366 pages. 7 guineas.

THE French began the modern interest in George Eliot. They admire the psychological insight of her novels.

The Americans collect her letters. The pundits pronounce that her Middlemarch is the best English novel of the nineteenth century.

Amidst this hubbub of testimony George Eliot's own compatriots may decide that she deserves a closer inspection than they formerly were willing to give.

A prophet?

She was an eminent Victorian, and the grandeur and solemnity of the Victorian era have tended to surround—and condemn—her. But the Victorian age was, as we now realise, a period of turmoil and revolution—political, social and moral.

Was Marian Evans—who called herself George Eliot—a true child of her complex era? Or was she simply a tiresome female prophet, as most people thought?

Reading between the lines of her collected letters—which are copious, well edited, but rarely brilliant—the student finds a disconcertingly human figure coming into focus. The figure of an excessively plain, talented young woman with a Midland accent, an Evangelical background, and a passion for elevated conversation, who

Wherever she went she caused a storm

George Malcolm Thomson on BOOKS

wherever she went, became the centre of an emotional storm.

Aged 24, she went to Devizes to translate from the German an agnostic life of Jesus, for Dr Brabant, a rich rationalist. At first all went well. Marian reported that "the air of Devizes is very invigorating."

Blind wife

But although Dr Brabant had a blind wife, he also had a resident sister-in-law who could see. After the doctor and his new assistant had collaborated in the library for a few days, Marian was invited to take an early train home to Coventry. She completed the translation, unaided.

Its prospective publisher, John Chapman, was a handsome adventurous young man who had studied medicine in London and practised it (without qualifications) in Derby. He now lived at 142 Strand, London, with a rich wife Susannah, a pretty mistress Elizabeth Tilley, two children, and an assortment of lodgers. Marian became one of the lodgers.

Did she become something more to Chapman? They took long walks together; went to the opera; were found sitting hand in hand. Elizabeth Tilley responded by ill-tempered outbursts. Mrs Chapman, who had tolerated Elizabeth, united with her against the newcomer. At the height of the struggle for the handsome publisher, Chapman went with his wife to hear Mendelssohn's Elijah.

Weeping

What the other lodgers thought of it all can only be guessed.

In the end, Chapman, declaring that he loved all three—although each in a different way—was weeping Marian "into the train at Euston. He drifted out of publishing and, taking a medical degree at St Andrews, set himself up in Paris as a

specialist in women's ailments, which he treated with an ice-bag applied to the spine.

Marian, in due course, consorted herself with G. H. Lewes, a free-thinking, free-living journalist whose wife had presented him two children by a mutual friend, Thornton Hunt who almost simultaneously had two children by his own wife.

As tolerant in his own way as Mrs Chapman, Lewes was naturally, if irritatingly, depressed by the arrival of the second Hunt child.

Disillusioned but still hopeful, free-thinking but a little hurt, determined to be moral but prepared to be unconventional, Marian and Lewes were made for one another. They were ugly, earnest and clever, and they settled down to a respectable and mentally productive irregular union which first shocked and then won over the austere subjects of Queen Victoria. Before the reign was ended, two of the Queen's daughters had called on the woman who, by that time, was famous as George Eliot.

Deeply religious

But the battle was not easily won. At first, even Marian's closest friends "failed to understand" that what seemed to be adultery was really a most high-minded affair—just as her agnosticism was somehow a deeply religious emotion.

Thomas Woolner, the sculptor, carried misunderstanding to the point of calling Lewes a blackguard and Marian something worse. "I will not say further," he wrote, "that she is a filthy contamination of those hideous satires and smirking moralists."

During this sad period of misunderstanding, Lewes encouraged Marian to write novels, which were instantly successful. George Eliot was thought to be a clergyman. Only Dickens divined that "he" was a woman.



GEORGE ELIOT... only Dickens guessed her secret.

George Eliot was famous, was socially accepted, was—but she had never ceased to be a model of respectability. That the novelist's insight into human nature might have been bought at the price of a daring and even passionate life—it was a possibility the Victorians preferred to forget.

But there was a time when it thrust itself on the mind. The time that Lewes died and, within 17 months, George Eliot (aged 69) married a Mr Cross, 21 years her junior. Even in the most broadminded circles heads were shaken.

EXCERPTS FROM THE BOOKS

VIOLET ENDS. By Simonon. Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d. 285 pages.

SIMENON has gone to live in America, taking his talent with him. The Master's shrewd knack of combining suspense with psychological penetration has survived the Atlantic crossing, as these two America-set stories reveal.

In the first, Belle, a girl is murdered in the home of a respectable schoolmaster. The schoolmaster is innocent—for a time. The Brothers Rico (story number two) places the Cain and Abel theme in the Brooklyn underworld. Vintage Simonon. And to show he can live on both sides of the ocean at once, there is also Margaret Right and Wrong. French scenes: same price.

WITHIN THE TAURUS. By Lord Kinross. Murray. 18s. 192 pages.

KINROSS travelled along the Black Sea coast of Turkey into what was once Armenia; took a cautious peep over the Soviet border and turned homeward. As he drove through the garden suburbs of Ankara at the end of his journey, he reflected that he had seen an old nation, the Turks, acquiring a new civilisation, one that looked towards the West and was turning its portion of Asia into a Little Europe. An outstanding travel book.

DAWN ON OUR DARKNESS. By Emmanuel Robles. Collins. 10s. 6d. 256 pages.

A novel about poverty and resignation; about passion, which may be ugly, rather than about sentiment, which can be false, it vibrates with the drab poetry of living people. No "literature" here. And its lesson? That the best we can do in this life is behave with dignity—and courage if we can muster it. And the most we can expect in reward is human love. It will be enough.

SELL THEM A STORY. By Jean Le Roy. Constable. 8s. 6d. 160 pages.

BEFORE selling, you have to D-write. Well acquainted with both branches of the business, Miss Le Roy writes the eminently friendly, practical advice of an expert literary agent. Given the essential minimum of talent, young writers will find themselves saved many a simple—but not obvious—pitfalls by reading her.

ALWAYS IN VOGUE. By Edna Woolman Chase and Ika Chase. Collins. 21s. 343 pages.

WHEN Mrs Chase first stopped into the luscious jungle of fashion journalism, she was told, "Edna, for every woman who works a man sits down for 80 years. Now, the struggle over, Edna Chase, once editor of Vogue, reveals the trends and the fashions of old."

GENERAL GORDON. By Lord Elton. Collins. 25s. 447 pages.

WHEN Gordon was waiting for the inevitable end of Khartoum, he wrote in his journal: "All our lives have been a struggle over the Nile. On the one hand, we have been fighting the Nile. On the other, we have been fighting the Nile."

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

There's Beauty Everywhere

BY HARRY WEINERT



Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail - A "China Mail" Feature

The Hongkong Budget: A Broadcast Talk By The Financial Secretary

On Wednesday, March 2, a meeting of Legislative Council will be held at 2.30 p.m., when the annual estimates will be presented.

In His Excellency the Governor's unavoidable absence from the Colony, the Governor's Deputy will preside, and a copy of an Address prepared by His Excellency on the subject of the budget for 1955-56 will be laid upon the Table.

The Financial Secretary, the Hon. A. G. Clarke, C.M.G., will address the Council and move the first reading of the Appropriation for the 1955-56 Bill. As in previous years, Radio Hongkong is broadcasting, the same evening, at nine minutes past seven, a summary by the Financial Secretary of his formal Budget Speech. This will be followed by extracts from His Excellency the Governor's speech, read from the studio.

In response to many requests there will be a repeat broadcast on Monday evening at 9 p.m. of the discussion on the Budget with Dame Sybil Thomson and Sir Lewis Casson as the guest speakers.

They have most kindly given their permission for this programme to be re-broadcast—it was first on the air last Sunday evening. The Chairman is Janet Tomblin, and the subjects under discussion derived from questions which came from the various local amateur dramatic societies.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.
A commentary by Bill McLaren and Sammy Walker on the second half of the international match between Scotland and Ireland at Murrayfield, Edinburgh, will be broadcast by Radio Hongkong at 11.40 this evening.

This commentary will be followed by a summary of the match between England and France at Twickenham, and will be relayed from the General Overseas Service of the BBC.

ENCOUNTER IN WALES.
Tuesday, March 1, is St David's Day, and at 9.30 p.m. listeners can hear a talk written for the Welsh National Day by the distinguished playwright and actor, Emyl Williams, called "Encounter in Wales", in which he recalls a brief encounter in the Welsh mountains.

He tells how, pondering as he climbed on the distant origin of the Welsh on the vast plains of Asia, and the love of the mountains from which they have never since been dislodged, he met an old peasant with a book in his hand.

The old man talked of the sons and grandsons he had and his pride in what they had achieved, and through all that he told, says the speaker, the love of learning recurred like a musical motif. As he left, the old man returned to his book which held the prize poems of the National Eisteddfod of Wales, one of which had been written by his sons.

RECITAL.
Miss Wong Kuk-ying makes a welcome return to the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong on Wednesday evening at 8.45. Her programme, which is a very varied one, includes Andantino by Paganini, a Rossini, Gigue by Arangoiz Vivaldi, and Sonata Per il Cembalo by Scarlatti and Ballade Opus 24 by Grieg, arranged by C. F. Peters.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 860 kilocycles per second and on 912 megacycles per second in 31 metre band).

Today

2.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
2.35 ANDERSON'S LULLABY.
2.40 MUSIC.
2.45 TEST CRICKET (RELAY A.B.C.).
2.50 NEWS.
2.55 WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
3.00 LETTER FROM AMERICA (RECORDED). L.O.N.D.O.N.
3.05 INTERLUDE.
3.10 VARIETY.
3.15 THE NEW CONCERT ORCH.
3.20 COMMENTARIES ON THE 5TH TEST MATCH (RELAY A.B.C.).
3.25 NEWS.
3.30 NEWS.
3.35 NEWS.
3.40 NEWS.
3.45 NEWS.
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LEAGUE CRICKET

KCC Face A Stiff Test Against The RAF At Kai Tak Today

By "GOOGLY"

League leaders Kowloon Cricket Club face a stiff test at Kai Tak this afternoon when they clash with RAF who are also contenders for League honours and this will be the main game of the week.

Another interesting game this afternoon will be the meeting of the two Hong Kong Cricket Club teams, Scorpions and Optimists.

In the Junior Division an important game will be played at Cox's Path when RAF, who are at the top of the table, will be pitted against Kowloon Cricket Club.

The position in the race for the Senior Championship will be considerably affected by the result of the game between KCC and RAF. If KCC win they will be strongly established for the

champion's hit, though they still have two strong opponents to meet; the two Army teams, before the end of the season. Last week KCC did not do what was expected of them and

made what should have been an easy win into a difficult task. Their bowlers, Curran, Davidson and Bell, literally carried the team to victory. Their only batsman to make runs was Archie Zimmerman who was the hero of the game, scoring 40 of their 89 runs. RAF were indeed very lucky last week to hold KCC to a draw as they were saved by the fading light. Power and Green were in devastating form last week, the former scoring 46 and the latter 65.

Today's game should be very tight as both sides are evenly balanced. But the visitors hold slight odds over their opponents as their attacking power is a shade better than the Almonds. Should KCC have the second lease of the wicket a win for them is predicted.

The meeting of the two Club teams will be another interesting game to watch. Scorpions are better positioned than Optimists as they have only played 13 games from which they have earned 26 points, whereas Optimists have played 15 and collected 29 points. A win for the Scorpions is likely.

Second pinner Army South will be at home to Navy and should not have any difficulty in walking away with the maximum points.

Their clubmates, Army North, will be the guests of the Police at Happy Valley. The Police are also an unpredictable team as they showed last week when they held Army South to a draw. Should they repeat this performance they will put Army North out of the running for Senior Division Honours.

George Souza and the CCC should have things their own way as they are entertaining the Undergraduates at Happy Valley.

JUNIOR DIVISION

In the Junior Division a needle game is down for decision at Cox's Path between RAF and KCC who are both strong contenders for the title.

KCC, who are placed second will be going all out to win this match and they are a more balanced team. Their attacking power is much stronger than that of their visitors, and they should win by a narrow margin.

IRC "B" will have KCC as their guests this afternoon. In this game we will see if the Indians can avenge the defeat their "A" team received from the Portuguese. A win for the Indians will not surprise.

The other Indian team will be crossing the harbour to play the DBS and should come home with four badly needed points.

Tony Myatt, the schoolboys' skipper, has been ill for the past week and may not be able to play. This will reduce their attacking power.

Playing on their meeting wicket, KGV should win their match against Police at Argyle Street.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division
CCC v. University
Army South v. Navy
Scorpions v. Optimists
Police v. Army North
KCC v. RAF
KCC v. RAF (Bye)

Second Division
IRC "B" v. KCC
DBS v. IRC "A"
KGV v. Police
RAF v. KCC
Navy v. Army

TOMORROW
Second Division
University v. Dockyard
HOW THEY STAND

| | First Division | | | |
|------------------|----------------|----|----|----|
| | P. | W. | L. | D. |
| KCC | 15 | 10 | 3 | 2 |
| Army South | 17 | 9 | 3 | 5 |
| Recreio | 10 | 8 | 4 | 4* |
| Army North | 14 | 8 | 4 | 2 |
| RAF | 13 | 6 | 2 | 5 |
| Optimists .. | 14 | 7 | 6 | 1 |
| Scorpions .. | 13 | 6 | 3 | 5* |

Nominate YOUR Hongkong Footballer Of The Year.

Members of the public are invited to nominate whom they consider to be Hongkong's Footballer of the Year for the current season.

It is a popularity poll organised by the China Mail, and nomination coupons will be received until the closing date to be announced later.

The two qualifications for nomination are:

- (1) Footballing prowess.
- (2) Sportsmanship on the field of play.

Nominations should be addressed to The Editor, China Mail, Wyndham Street, Hongkong.

To The Editor, China Mail.

My nomination for Hongkong's Footballer of the Year, taking into regard his playing ability and his sportsmanship on the field of play is

of the Club.

(Signed)

Week-end Softball

Due to the postponement of two Senior "A" Division games, only five Softball League matches are slated for this Sunday. The only Senior contest will be between the Americans and Overseas in the Senior Division. P. I. Dodgers and CAA Juniors will meet each other to decide who goes into the Junior League play-off series.

In the Ladies' qualifying rounds, ex-Champion Wahoons Aces will meet Colleen Bees in a double-header. Pennant-holding Colleen Aces will clash with the rookie Overseas Ladies and CAA Ladies will cross bats with the Pandarettes.

The Americans now have all their players returned from other ports and are fully equipped for their remaining two games in the League programme. They showed good form last week in slaughtering the University in what was almost a rout. They are expected to do the same tomorrow to the young Overseas.

The Overseas have improved quite a lot since the start of the season. However, lacking a good pitcher, they will not be able to resist the American onslaught.

P. I. Dodgers and the young Athletics are playing the last game of their programme. The Dodgers have to win as they have already lost three games and, even if they win, they will have to play the Junior Athletics again to qualify for the play-off series.

OGIMURA TO DEFEND

Ichiro Ogimura, World Singles Table Tennis Champion, will defend his title in the next World Championships at Utrecht from April 10-24.

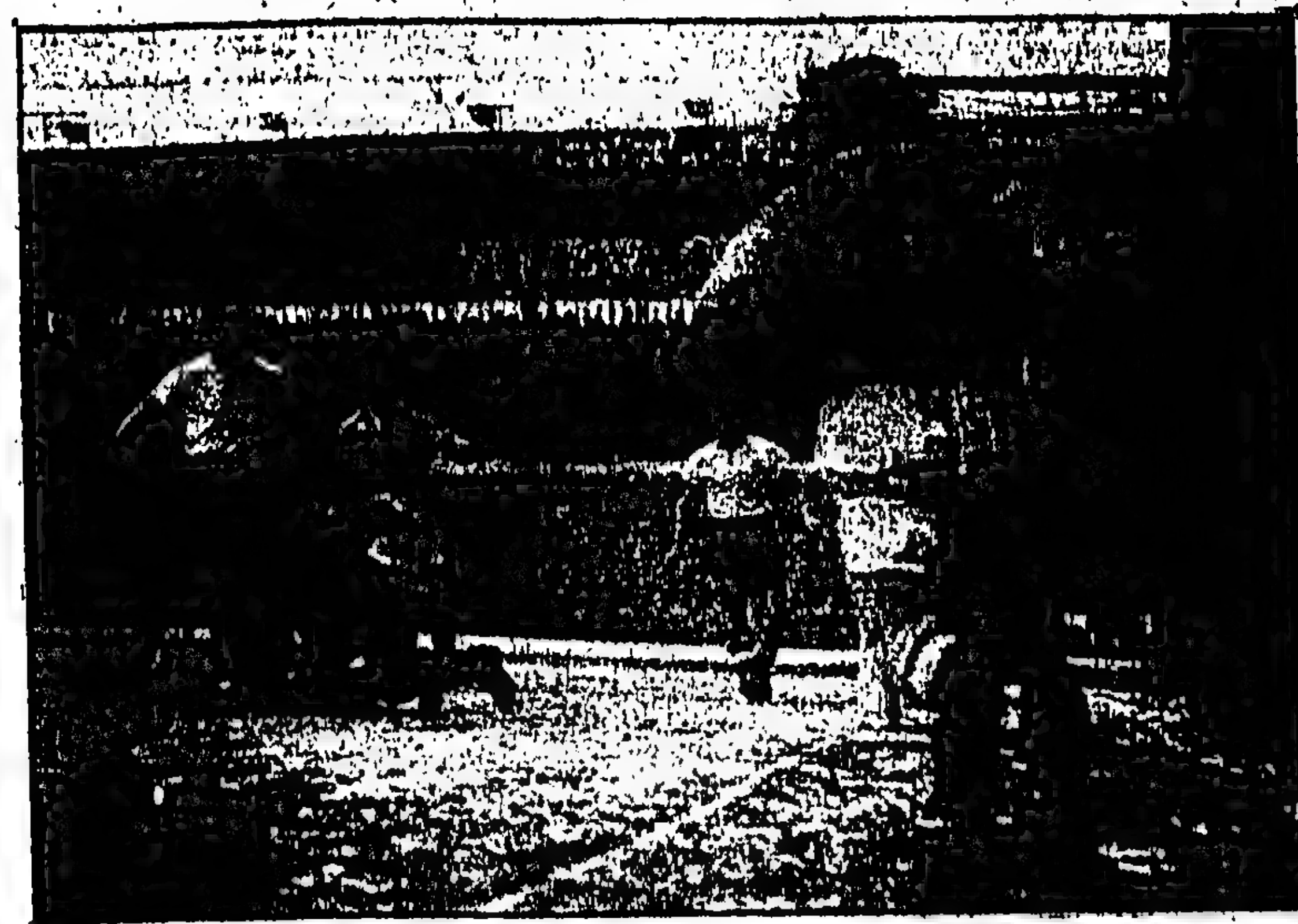
Ogimura beat Sweden's Tage Filberg in the final of last year's World Championships at Wembley and led Japan to victory over Czechoslovakia in the final of the Swaythling Cup. (London Express Service).

| | | | | | |
|------------|----|---|----|---|----|
| Police | 14 | 6 | 6 | 2 | 26 |
| CCC | 14 | 4 | 9 | 1 | 17 |
| Navy | 14 | 2 | 11 | 1 | 9 |
| University | 12 | 0 | 12 | 0 | 0 |

* One tie (two points)

| | P. | W. | L. | D. | Pts. |
|------------|----|----|----|----|------|
| RAF | 17 | 11 | 3 | 3 | 47 |
| KCC | 15 | 9 | 3 | 3 | 39 |
| Army | 15 | 9 | 4 | 2 | 39 |
| Recreio | 13 | 8 | 3 | 2 | 34 |
| Police | 17 | 8 | 7 | 2 | 34 |
| IRC "A" | 15 | 8 | 6 | 1 | 33 |
| IRC "B" | 17 | 8 | 8 | 1 | 33 |
| Dockyard | 17 | 6 | 8 | 3 | 27 |
| KGV | 10 | 6 | 8 | 2 | 26 |
| Navy | 13 | 5 | 8 | 2 | 26 |
| DBS | 10 | 6 | 10 | 1 | 21 |
| University | 14 | 0 | 13 | 1 | 1 |

BAYNHAM ON THE BALL



Luton Town's goalkeeper Baynham dashes out and smothers an attack from the Manchester City forwards. As he gathers, a teammate (black knickers) stands by in case he is needed—an incident in the Fifth Round FA Cup tie at Luton which Manchester City won by two goals to nil. — Reuterphoto.

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY, BUT STORY TELLERS MAY CHANGE THE PICTURE

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

This week I want to start by taking you on the big jump from local football to the artist's easel because I wish to tell you about an interesting private experiment that took place quite recently in England.

You are no doubt familiar with the old saying 'Every picture tells a story'... but I wonder if you fully appreciate that, in reverse, the saying can be far from consistent... and here is the experiment that was carried out to prove it.

As the result of a friendly difference between two writers, three artists were invited to gather in a room equipped with three easels and drawing boards. A fourth member of the gathering read a passage of simple prose in which an incident with salient features was well explained.

When the reading was over each artist in turn was asked if there was any word, any phrase, or any sentence that he did not understand, and when they each confirmed that they understood what had been said they were asked to go to work simultaneously and make a drawing of the incident. For the purpose of the experiment they were placed in such a position that they could not see what their fellow artists were drawing.

The result was astonishing. There was little in common between the three interpretations... and still less between any of them and an actual photograph of the scene that had been described.

The reason I relate all this is that in football a great variety of situations arise and many stories that represent honest appreciation are told. These stories may produce very different pictures in different minds...

But that does not mean that someone is trying to deceive someone else... it usually means that different people see different aspects of the same situation as the important ones.

ALL FOR THE GOOD

This is all for the eventual good of the game. Just as parliamentary problems are resolved by Government and Opposition in discussion, or as prosecution and defence lawyers will argue the facts of a legal struggle as each sees them, so in sport it is right that soccer folk should be given a chance to consider more than one side of any story... whoever or whatever the story concerns.

However, it should not be forgotten that just as politicians or lawyers do not put all their cards on the table at one time, or just as they may use 'justified exaggeration' to put a particular fact into its correct perspective... so does each writer present his story in accordance with the picture that is in his mind's eye.

Politicians and lawyers—however violent their professional differences—are not enemies. They are both driving towards the same goal and they are in fact complementary to each other, for by presenting two very different appreciations of a particular problem they

enable a just solution to be obtained.

Recent happenings have shown that Colony football has its share of 'political' and legal problems. There can be no doubt that the public has been able to read very different viewpoints from the various sportswriters whose job it is to cover such assignments... but let me discount any suggestions, and I have heard them several times, that the writers are 'biased'... that no matter what one writes another will automatically write something opposite whether he really believes it is right or not.

Nothing could be further from the truth... and my own experience of affairs in Hongkong is that whatever differences of opinion may arise they are not carried beyond the margins of the newspaper columns and generally I have found that the Colony sportswriters all have a sincere desire to present their stories in such a way that they will contribute to the betterment of the game... and if you doubt it, when you sometimes and their stories at variance... think of the three artists...!!!

TARNISHED REPUTATIONS

Now that the Admirals Club has left us we get back to the solution of our domestic affairs in League and Shield... but I agree with those who say that a look back at some of the things that happened in the Admirals series would not be amiss.

Whatever their performance on the field some of the local players came out of the three-game programme with tarnished reputations as far as their loyalty to the public is concerned.

For example I know of one player who was picked for the Hongkong Selection who took the trouble to contact the reserve for his position several days before the game to tell him that he (the reserve) would be playing as the star had already decided that 'he would not be fit to turn out'... but neither he nor his club took the trouble to pass the information on to the team manager or the HKFA.

You have probably guessed the pay-off line. The 'crook' makes a magnificent recovery to play in the Combined Chinese side the next day...!!! Great ego... as the case might be... Or maybe you like this one better... It might be called the '60 Minute Slip Up'... This concerned a player who was accidentally injured at 5

p.m., but whose unfortunate injury was reported an hour before it happened... so it must have been bad... Makes you think... doesn't it?

You will probably have read elsewhere in the press that the Army has applied to the HKFA to have the final of the Senior Shield brought forward in order that they may be enabled to put a fully representative side in the field.

According to my information the Army asked for the game to be played on any date except March 12 but whether their request is justified or not is not for the press to decide or prejudge.

It is, however, surprising to hear that although the letter of application was submitted on the Monday after the semi-final... that is almost two weeks ago... the appropriate committee has not yet met to consider the pros and cons of what must surely be an important matter of policy, public interest and... finance.

WEEK-END GAMES

Here is the programme of games for this week-end:—

Today
CAA v. Club at Causeway Bay at 4 p.m.
Kitchener v. Kwong Wah at Caroline Hill at 4 p.m.
Navy v. South China at Club Stadium at 4 p.m.

Tomorrow
KMB at Curro-lino Hill at 4 p.m.
Sing Tao v. Police at Club Stadium at 4 p.m.
RAF v. Army at Sookampoo at 4 p.m.

Chief interest will be centred on the two all-Chinese games between Kitchener and Kwong Wah today and Eastern and KMB tomorrow.

Kwong Wah have slipped a lot since the start of the season and their veteran players have failed to some extent to match the pace of the virile youngsters of the other top teams.

Kitchener have their old-stagers too, but there is still considerable strength in their side and they must surely be an important factor in the contest.

Eastern shook Colony soccer to its roots some weeks ago by toppling South China at Caroline Hill and no doubt their faithful supporters can see them doing the same to KMB tomorrow... but I cannot share their confidence and anything but a decisive win for the Buzmen would be a major upset.

Club and South China should improve their points totals today at the expense of CAA and Navy, respectively, while Sing Tao should maintain their recent points-gathering spree when they meet the Police at the Club ground tomorrow.

Inter-service interest will be centred on the semi-final of the Royal Air Force and Army at Sookampoo tomorrow. With the service magazines in progress at present it is impossible to say what sort of line-up the two teams will be able to put on the field for player availability will depend greatly on the date of the services. Both sides have been showing in-and-out form this season but they are expected to put up a hard struggle at the game.



Caught in the nicotine



THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

The Public Enclosure at Happy Valley is being lent to the Hong Kong Jockey Club for a Dog Show on Sunday 27th February 1955. These premises will be closed to Members at 10 a.m. on Sunday. The Badminton Courts will be closed all day Friday 25th, Saturday 26th and Sunday 27th February.

During the Show, the Private Boxes, Coffee Room, Bar, Ladies' Lounge and the upper verandah will be open and reserved for the use of the Members of the Jockey Club.

The charges for admission are \$3.00 for adults and \$1.00 for Service personnel in uniform and children under 16. Entrance to the Show will be by the Public Entrance only.

Members of the Jockey Club, who wish to make use of the Club rooms and upper verandah, must wear their Member's Badge, otherwise they will not be admitted thereto.

By Order,
H. MISA,
Secretary.

Hong Kong, 24th February, 1955.

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB EIGHTH RACE MEETING

Saturday 5th & Sunday 12th March, 1955.

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 18 RACES.

The First Bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. on both days.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on both days.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.

All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Bids at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72311).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Betting Hall.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$18.00 each per day and \$36.00 for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices during normal office hours until 11.00 a.m. on the first day.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on the day preceding the Race Meeting for which they are reserved will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the Meeting at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), 5, D'Aguiar Street and 382, Nathan Road during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on both days of the Meeting.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 18th April, 1955, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tipsters, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
H. MISA,
Secretary.

A RECORD ENTRY OF 54 TEAMS FOR THIS YEAR'S SEVEN-A-SIDE RUGGER

The draw for the Seven-a-Sides has now been arranged. This year there is a record number of entries. So much so that two extra days have had to be allotted for the play-off of the first few rounds.

In all 54 sevens are entered and it is an impossible task at present to select the winners though 72nd LAA "A", Wayfong and RAF Kai Tak "A" should get into the quarter-finals.

The first of the preliminary rounds will be played off on Saturday, March 5, at Causeway Bay.

Here is the draw for the day:
12.00 p.m. RAF Kai Tak "A" v. Far East Farm "A";
1.40 p.m. Club "A" v. RAF Kai Tak "B";
2.00 p.m. 1st King's Own "B" v. Waggoners "B";
2.20 p.m. 27th HAA Regt RA "A" v. RAF Sek Kong;
2.40 p.m. 15th Fd. Park Sqdn. RE v. Convent;
3.00 p.m. 27th HAA Regt RA "B" v. 14th Fd. Regt RA;
3.20 p.m. HQLE v. Wayfong;
3.40 p.m. RAMC v. Ewo;
4.00 p.m. RAF Kai Tak "A" v. 25th Fd. Regt "B";
4.20 p.m. 72nd LAA Regt "A" v. 32nd Med. Regt RA;
4.40 p.m. REME Hornets v. H.K. Sig. Regt;
5.00 p.m. FMA RE v. REME Bees;

5.20 p.m. 6 COD "A" v. 42nd Fld Regt "B"; Far East Farm "B" v. 6 COD "B";

ON CLUB GROUND
6.00 p.m. 48 Club "A" v. H.K. Regt;
7.00 p.m. REME Waps v. Waggoners "A";
7.20 p.m. Tamar Termagants v. 48 Club "B";

Fast Times At Australian Championships

Don Macmillan, celebrating his return home from nearly two years in England, won the Australian Mile Championship on February 5 at Adelaide in 4 minutes 7.0 seconds. Two days later he won the Half Mile in 1 minute 51.9 seconds.

Sydney's John Plummer was second in the Mile at 4:08.8, while New Zealand's Murray Halberg (4:04.4 last year) was pushed back into fifth place.

Leon Gregory won the 440 Yards from New Zealand's Empire Games star, Don Jowett, in 48.2 seconds. Bob Grant reached 205 feet 6 1/2 inches in the Javelin Throw to upset Empire Champion Jim Achurch.

Schoolboy Charles Porter won the High Jump at 6 feet 4 inches. Hector Hogan won the 100 Yards in 9.9 seconds, but was fourth in the 220 Yards to Doug Winston, Bill Job and Empire Champion Don Jowett in that order. Winston won in 21.7 seconds.

Arthur Mailey Sticks His Neck Out Again

Back in August, Arthur Mailey, Australian goolgy bowler, terror of the Tests in the middle 'twenties, declared:

"I'll eat a cricket stump if England win the majority of the Tests in Australia."

Well, Mr Mailey is no woodpecker, but he has done the next best thing. He nibbled one inch off the top of a sugar stump specially made for the occasion.

Then he said: "We'll keep the rest for the Australian selectors."

Mr Mailey then sticks his neck out again. Referring to the Australian team for the West Indies, he says: "I am prepared to eat six stumps, the umpire's hats and the roller if this team wins the series."

(London Express Service)

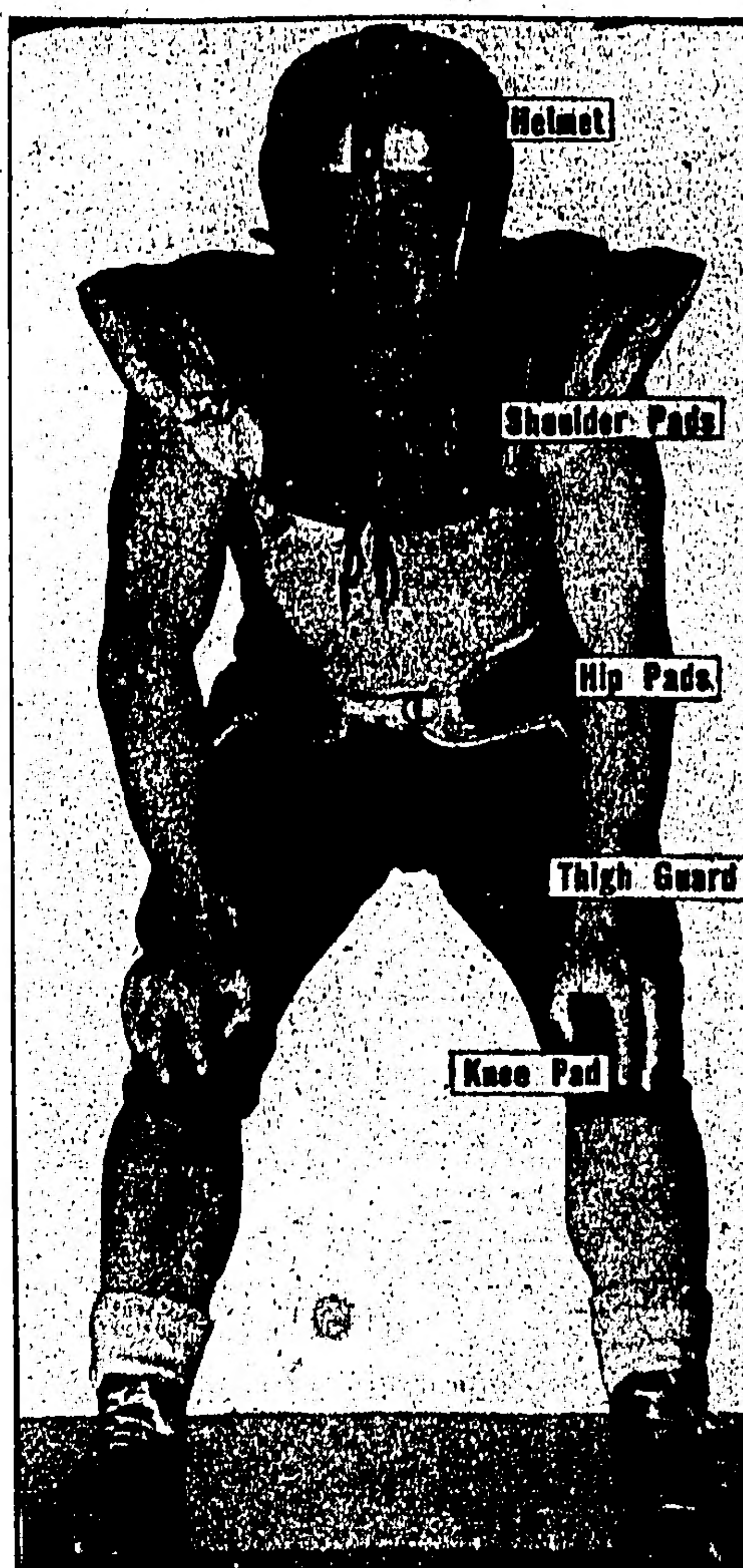
JOHN SAVIDGE RETIRES FROM ATHLETICS

John Savidge, Britain's greatest ever shot putter, will take no further part in top class athletics. This ex-Royal Marine has joined a large shipping company as master-at-arms on a luxury liner on the England-Australia run.

Discovered by Geoff Dyson, the AAA's Chief Coach, Savidge secured full points for Britain in all but one of the international matches in which he competed.

(London Express Service)

AMERICA GIVES THEM A START



THAT MAN-FROM-MARS LOOK from America... William Hickey, writing of U.S. football outfits, in November last, said: "Now I hear that the smart footballer in the U.S., this year, is wearing helmet, face mask, shoulder pads, rib-protector, hip pads, thigh pads, knee brace. Weight: 20lb. Cost: £64."

League Cricket Averages

BATTING

(Qualification—200 runs)

| | Inns | Runs | H.S. | N.O. | Avg. |
|-----------------------------------|------|------|------|------|-------|
| I. L. Stanton (Scorpions)..... | 10 | 349 | 68 | 5 | 69.8 |
| Power (RAF)..... | 11 | 366 | 101 | 3 | 45.76 |
| Withall (Army South)..... | 10 | 503 | 75 | 2 | 41.9 |
| F. A. Weller (Scorpions)..... | 8 | 291 | 95 | 1 | 41.57 |
| D. Coffey (KCC)..... | 14 | 323 | 92 | 6 | 40.37 |
| G. N. Gosano (Recrelo)..... | 14 | 455 | 108 | 2 | 37.9 |
| G. A. Souza (CCC)..... | 15 | 455 | 68 | 3 | 37.75 |
| P. V. Dockyard (KCC)..... | 7 | 213 | 68 | 1 | 35.5 |
| Medc (Army South)..... | 17 | 449 | 60 | 4 | 34.59 |
| G. H. Pritchard (Optimists)..... | 15 | 432 | 102 | 2 | 33.2 |
| Green (RAF)..... | 13 | 297 | 65 | 4 | 33.0 |
| B. Dhabor (CCC)..... | 10 | 235 | 61 | 2 | 29.37 |
| Lt. Russell (Army North)..... | 12 | 317 | 77 | 1 | 28.8 |
| K. M. Macpherson (Optimists)..... | 13 | 336 | 87 | 1 | 28.0 |
| C. J. Leader (Optimists)..... | 13 | 327 | 101 | 1 | 27.2 |
| P. Wood (KCC)..... | 13 | 293 | 52 | 2 | 26.69 |
| M. Remedios (Recrelo)..... | 12 | 239 | 62 | 0 | 19.9 |
| P. R. Rigg (CCC)..... | 13 | 215 | 34 | 2 | 19.54 |
| E. L. Gosano (Recrelo)..... | 11 | 214 | 54 | 0 | 19.45 |
| T. G. C. Knight (Scorpions)..... | | | | | |

BOWLING

(Qualification—15 wickets)

| | O. | M. | R. | W. | Avg. |
|----------------------------------|-------|----|-----|----|-------|
| Clark (Army-South)..... | 144.4 | 31 | 460 | 53 | 7.93 |
| B. C. Carnell (KCC)..... | 92.6 | 23 | 343 | 39 | 8.70 |
| R. Jenner (KCC)..... | 65.7 | 3 | 242 | 20 | 9.3 |
| St. Johnston (Army North)..... | 35.7 | 5 | 177 | 19 | 9.31 |
| Young (Army North)..... | 80.5 | 2 | 250 | 23 | 9.6 |
| Dowling (Army North)..... | 86.3 | 13 | 329 | 33 | 9.86 |
| G. H. Pritchard (Optimists)..... | 74.0 | 8 | 395 | 38 | 10.97 |
| G. N. Gosano (Recrelo)..... | 107.1 | 21 | 657 | 57 | 11.17 |
| Withall (Army South)..... | 94 | 18 | 270 | 23 | 11.73 |
| W. M. Davidson (KCC)..... | 95.2 | 10 | 304 | 31 | 11.74 |
| Lipscombe (Army North)..... | 74.4 | 3 | 374 | 30 | 12.40 |
| Power (RAF)..... | 80.5 | 6 | 435 | 34 | 12.79 |
| D. W. Leach (Scorpions)..... | 93.3 | 6 | 523 | 39 | 13.41 |
| K. G. Splink (Optimists)..... | 121.6 | 19 | 536 | 38 | 14.15 |
| C. A. Guterres (Recrelo)..... | 65.3 | 2 | 318 | 21 | 14.9 |
| Birley (RAF)..... | 91 | 14 | 303 | 19 | 15.9 |
| T. P. Mahon (Optimists)..... | 95.7 | 11 | 368 | 23 | 16.92 |
| E. R. O. Hubble (Optimists)..... | 102.2 | 0 | 484 | 27 | 17.81 |
| B. Dhabor (CCC)..... | 70.4 | 6 | 345 | 19 | 18.15 |
| G. A. Souza (CCC)..... | 93 | 10 | 370 | 19 | 19.78 |

USAF v RAF AT CRICKET!

A United States Air Force team from Burtonwood, Lancashire, is to play cricket against the RAF at Mildenhall in the summer. The American soccer team has already registered a victory over the RAF side.

Cricket is played as much as soccer in the United States, although it gets much less publicity. Leagues are run in New York, and regular matches are staged in Philadelphia and Chicago. Cornell University run a cricket club.

(London Express Service)

Rugby Too Tough? Try Padding

Pin back your ears, you husky Rugby forwards. Yes, throw away your scrum caps and pin them back with sweat bands.

This is one of the Rugby dress reforms advocated in a recent issue of British Medical Journal—reforms which bring the English Rugby player nearer the Man-from-Mars American model.

A broad elastic sweat band, says the doctors' own paper, is better than the cumbersome, old-fashioned scrum cap. And throw back your shoulders. Such shoulders too, for the journal advocates tough men's "softies"—sponge-rubber shoulder pads to ease friction in the scrummage and lessen chances of injury when a player is pitched on the point of his shoulder. Quilted jerseys, too, are suggested.

If the doctors have their way, a wing racing for the corner flag may be slapped in the face by the flag he knocks down.

DETACHABLE STUDS
For the doctors want the flange-studs to be made of thick rubber "which does not splinter on impact."

And in case anyone gets in the way of the goalposts the lower end of the uprights should be padded.

The journal puts in a kind word for shinguards. "They should not be considered 'slags' and are almost essential for front-row forwards. But they must be light and not made from material which becomes sodden and heavy in wet weather."

Other suggestions are: "Risks, arising from faulty equipment could be easily eliminated. Detachable boot studs of rubber or aluminium, which can be varied for dry or wet weather, are much less dangerous to other players than leather ones, which are apt to become conical in wear and sometimes develop protruding nails."

"Well-fitting clothing can be a protection in itself and the player with flapping waistbands and dangling stockings is often his own worst enemy."

[Law 5 of the rules governing Rugby football says about players' dress:—

A player may not wear any dangerous projections—buckles, rings, etc. Any studs on his boots must be leather rubber, aluminium, or any approved plastic, circular, securely fastened.

Maximum length 3/4 in.; minimum diameter at base 1/4 in.; minimum diameter at top 1/4 in.

The British Medical Journal says employers are now often less inclined to take a lenient view of absences due to injuries sustained while playing games, and most Rugby players would welcome any action which could be taken to prevent or mitigate severe injuries.

FIRST-AID

"The Saturday-afternoon play-off is often apt to leave treatment of minor injuries over for two or three days, thus prolonging recovery."

"First-aid boxes should be in every pavilion, and an 'accident-treatment centre,' open at weekends in the large urban centres, would be of great value to players who find that an injury is more serious than they thought it was in the heat of the game."

Shoulder-pads, yes, but the journal adds: "Protective clothing such as worn by American footballers hardly seems justified."

The journal's dress reform article is based on findings by

Dr Robert O'Connell, medical officer to Irish international teams for 20 years. He never played.

TOUGH NOTE: Tom Voyce (27 caps), toughest man in England's toughest pack, said: "I think they are trying to make the game far too soft."

FINAL WORD: From Ross Stephens, 6ft., 15-stone vice-captain of the Welsh team: "I wouldn't think of wearing shoulder pads. Rugby is a tough game. Take out a lot of the fun. A thick ear is said for the hallmark of a good forward."

(London Express Service)

Added Incentive For Winning The League

Added incentive for winning the English League Championship this year is the prospect of a trip to Russia. Mr. Alexei Chikhin, director of the Foreign Relations Section of the Soviet Government Sports Committee, includes such a visit in his plans for widening the scope of sports fixtures between Russia and Britain. — (London Express Service)

Wherever you are—

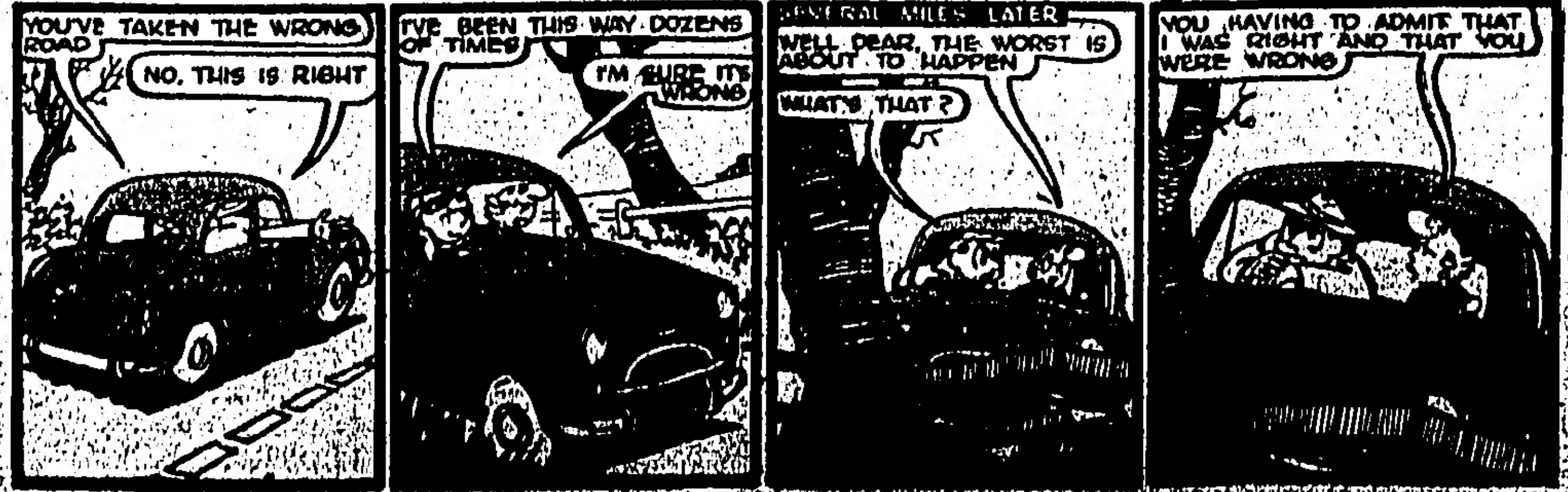
Choose

BOOTH'S

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THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS



FRANCIS MILLERD'S GREAT NORTHERN FANCY RED SOCKEY SALMON STEAK

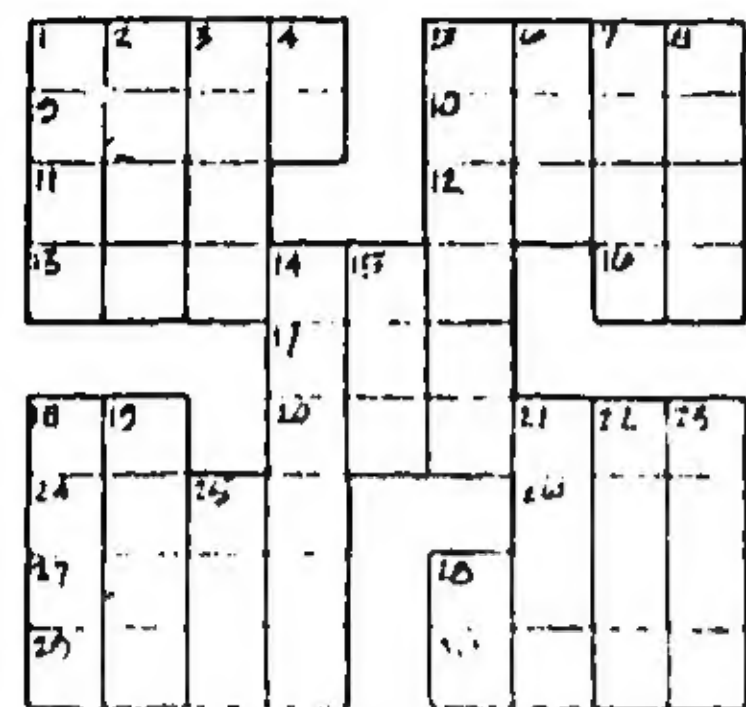
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FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD

You'll find the Puzzleman has concealed several world rivers in his crossword puzzle this time:



ACROSS

- 1 River in Germany
- 5 Italian river
- 9 Hold dear
- 10 Spanish province
- 11 Honey-maker
- 12 Trial
- 13 Hebrew ascetic
- 14 Daybreak (comb. form)
- 17 Weight of India
- 18 Pound (ab.)
- 20 Bed canopy
- 24 Great Lake
- 25 Lincoln's nickname
- 27 Nostril
- 28 Makes mistakes
- 29 First man
- 30 Carbon substance

DOWN

- 1 Bohemian river
- 2 Accomplishes
- 3 Night before events
- 4 Musical note
- 5 Changes
- 6 Scottish sheepfold
- 7 Proboscis
- 8 Proposition
- 14 Respect
- 15 Born
- 16 Russian river
- 19 Nail
- 21 Edible rootstock
- 22 Spanish river
- 23 Pause
- 25 Man's name
- 28 Electrical unit

DIAMOND

Today's diamond is centred on the SUNGARI. The second word is "a small cask"; third "a doctrine"; fifth "endures"; and sixth an abbreviation for "transportation".

S
U
N
G
A
R
I

A WORD GAME

MORE than 70 words can be made from the letters found in VALENTINE. For example, VEIN, ALIVE, NAIL, TAN, INVENT.

Below are ten sentences for you to complete. Wherever you see a number, put in the appropriate word having that number of letters. All of the letters in the word must be found in VALENTINE.

1. Where do you (4).
2. Don't be (4) for school.
3. Father was away (4) or (3) days.
4. This (4) is about an (4) witch.
5. Helen wore a (5) suit and a (4).
6. When walking down the (4), I saw a scarlet (4).
7. Put (4) me a Dutch (4).
8. (3) us try to (5) the room looking (4).
9. A (3) (4) carries water from our roof.
10. We (3) dinner (2) (3) (3).

(Answers on Page 20)

HIDDEN RIVERS

A river is hidden in each of these sentences. Can you find them? The city had many industrial sites.

Don't let the beacon go out. She starred in many films.

SCRAMBLED RIVERS

Rearrange the letters in each of these strange lines to form the name of a river:

HONER
BIG AMA
I AM DEAR

RIVER REBUS

Four of the rivers of the world have been hidden in this rebus; you can find them readily if you use the words and pictures to your best advantage.



(Solutions on Page 20)

HOW TO AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS

YOU BET I CAN PULL MY SHIRT RIGHT OFF MY BACK WITHOUT TAKING OFF MY JACKET...



SEE!

IT'S AS EASY AS THIS IF YOU JUST FOLLOW THE DIRECTIONS.

1. SLIP YOUR SHIRT AROUND YOUR SHOULDERS... DON'T PUT YOUR ARMS IN YOUR SLEEVES BUT BUTTON YOUR CUFFS AROUND YOUR WRISTS. BUTTON YOUR COLLAR AROUND YOUR NECK.



2. NOW... PUT ON YOUR TIE AND JACKET WHEN READY, REMOVE THE UNBUTTONED COLLAR AND CUFFS... GRAB THE BACK OF YOUR SHIRT COLLAR... PULL AND OFF COMES YOUR SHIRT!



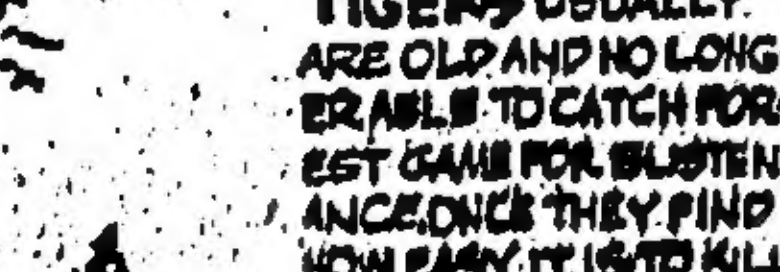
3. Now... PUT ON YOUR TIE AND JACKET WHEN READY, REMOVE THE UNBUTTONED COLLAR AND CUFFS... GRAB THE BACK OF YOUR SHIRT COLLAR... PULL AND OFF COMES YOUR SHIRT!



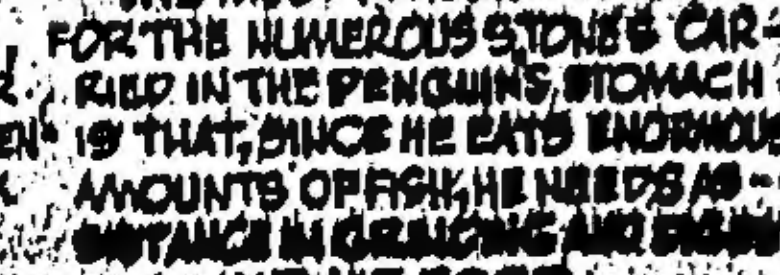
4. Now... PUT ON YOUR TIE AND JACKET WHEN READY, REMOVE THE UNBUTTONED COLLAR AND CUFFS... GRAB THE BACK OF YOUR SHIRT COLLAR... PULL AND OFF COMES YOUR SHIRT!



5. Now... PUT ON YOUR TIE AND JACKET WHEN READY, REMOVE THE UNBUTTONED COLLAR AND CUFFS... GRAB THE BACK OF YOUR SHIRT COLLAR... PULL AND OFF COMES YOUR SHIRT!



6. Now... PUT ON YOUR TIE AND JACKET WHEN READY, REMOVE THE UNBUTTONED COLLAR AND CUFFS... GRAB THE BACK OF YOUR SHIRT COLLAR... PULL AND OFF COMES YOUR SHIRT!



7. Now... PUT ON YOUR TIE AND JACKET WHEN READY, REMOVE THE UNBUTTONED COLLAR AND CUFFS... GRAB THE BACK OF YOUR SHIRT COLLAR... PULL AND OFF COMES YOUR SHIRT!



Archaeological Discovery Reveals That Norsemen Beat Columbus To America

By R. S. CRAGGS

A STONE THAT WAS once used to fill in a barnyard has become one of the greatest archaeological discoveries ever found in North America. The now-famous Kensington Stone was discovered in 1898 by a young Swedish farmer near Kensington, Minnesota. It was under an aspen tree which he uprooted when clearing his land and it measured 31 inches by 16 by 6 inches. On one side was chiselled a message in runic characters, an ancient alphabet of Scandinavia. The stone found its way to the University of Minnesota where the experts were able to interpret the message. It was apparently written by one member of a party of 40 Swedes and Norwegians who had descended into the Minnesota lakes region by water from Hudson Bay ("14 days' journey from this island"). Nevertheless, the stone was stated to be a hoax and returned to the farmer where it served as fill in his barnyard—fact or fiction, fortunately, so that the writing on it was preserved. It remained for 100 years.

THE KENSINGTON STONE...



FARMER OLOF OYMAN DISCOVERED THE STONE NEAR KENSINGTON, MINNESOTA, IN 1898.

TRANSLATED IN PART, IT READS: 6 GOTH AND 22 NORWEGIANS ON EXPLORATION JOURNEY FROM VINLAND WESTWARD... YEAR 1562

Holland of Wisconsin, to prove that the Norsemen had indeed reached America, and in 1902, 130 years before Columbus "discovered" America! Mr. Holland consulted 23 European Universities before he passed judgment. He proved that the mixture of Norwegian and Latin alphabet was in use at that time in Norway. He found that an expedition had left Norway eight years pre-

Stamps From Iceland

If you want to specialise in collecting the stamps of any one country without spending much money, then a useful choice for you is Iceland.

For a few pence you can buy stamps showing all features of this little nation's life—from cod-fishing, by which many of the people earn their living, to the geysers which spout from the rocks and are a never-ending source of wonder to tourists.



Look at this stamp showing a trawler riding the waves as she drags her net in the non-stop hunt for fish.

This stamp and another sell for 2d. in London. They are well printed in photogravure and perforated 13.

The most expensive stamp from Iceland is one issued in 1933. That was the year when a famous Italian airman named Marshal Balbo led a flight of seaplanes round the world.

Iceland put out a series of stamps to commemorate this and the 10-krona blue and green now appears to be Iceland's most valuable issue.

It is priced at £13 used and £12 unused. This is little money in comparison to the highest-priced stamps of many countries.—J. A. A.

WHY SHOES HAVE HEELS

By Roy L. Warren

NO ONE IS really sure how or where high heels originated. We do know that as far back as 715 B. C. shoes were worn with very thick cork or platform soles and heels to increase the height of the wearer. The high heel is supposed to have evolved from this.

Other explanations are that the people of ancient desert tribes put high heels on their shoes to keep their feet off the burning sands. Still another version says that horse-riding warriors of centuries past used high heels to keep their feet from slipping out of the stirrup. A story as plausible as any is that the high heel was invented by a pretty girl who was always being kissed on the forehead.

Anyhow, the high heel got its real impetus a few centuries later when Catherine de Medici came to Paris as the bride of Henry II. Cathy was very short, so she wore high-heeled shoes to increase her height. When the regal ladies copied the new style, the high heel had rapidly spread through all the courts of Europe, and then to the common folk.

Nor was the high heel restricted to women's shoes. In the Elizabethan era the male dandies wore shoes with heels three and four inches high, in colours of bright red, yellow, and green.

It wasn't until about 1890, however, that the high heel met approval in the United States. At first, there were wood imported from France. But there was the problem of attaching them securely to shoes and preventing the heel from buckling under in walking.

A printer named Humphrey O'Sullivan had some feet that ached and fatigued him as he worked at his machine. One day he got the bright idea of placing a resilient rubber mat on the floor in front of the machine. This gave his feet much comfort.

But his fellow workers, as a practical joke, would hide the rubber mat from him. Necessity being the mother of invention, O'Sullivan countered with another idea. Why not nail a piece of the rubber mat to each shoe? And so was born the rubber heel of which some three million pairs a year are used today.

As length Dr. Lion prepares to leave, Mrs. Bear has been working too hard. She says, "She must have a proper rest. She's set better much more quickly if you sent her away to the South in the warmer sunshine." And he drives off. "Oh dear! I wish we could send Monday away for all night."

A holiday? sighs Mr. Bear when they are indoors. "Only it costs a lot, and we haven't enough money to pay for an extra holiday nowdays." "Never mind," says Rupert, "we'll do all her work for her, and—look—let's start by sweeping up this broken plate."

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General Tin's Travels

—His Visits to the Lands of Dinner and Clocks—

By MAX TRELL

"YEARS ago," General Tin the Tin Soldier was saying to Knarf and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, "I had a very good friend. He was a sea captain. His name was Captain Goosefeathers. He owned a beautiful black boat and he took me with him on all his journeys. Once we visited the unusual land of Dinner."

An Interesting Region

Here Knarf and Hanid, sounding extremely interested, asked General Tin to please repeat the name of the land he said he had visited with Captain Goosefeathers.

"Land of Dinner," repeated General Tin good-naturedly. "It also had two other parts: Before-Dinner and After-Dinner."

"Is there really such a place?" asked Hanid.

"My dear girl," said General Tin, "everyone has heard of the Land of Dinner. But just let me tell you about it. The people who live there do nothing but eat."

"That's what I thought," said Hanid.

"As for the people who live in Before-Dinner," General Tin went on, "they never eat at all; they're always hungry. As for the people who live in After-Dinner, they're NEVER hungry."

A Tick-tock Land

Knarf and Hanid said they didn't care to hear any more about the Land of Dinner.

"Well," said General Tin, "another journey I took with Captain Goosefeathers was to the Land of Clocks."

"Oh, that sounds interesting," said Knarf.

"As you might suppose from the name," continued General Tin, "all the people who lived there acted like clocks. Their faces had numbers all around them, and they always kept time."



The General sailed on his friend's boat.

hands in front of their faces."

"Just the way clocks do," said Hanid.

"That's right," said General Tin. "And they spoke the most curious language. They'd run up and down—clocks always run, you know, they never walk—saying to each other: 'Tick-tock, tick-tock.' But at twelve o'clock they'd do the most extraordinary thing!"

Knarf and Hanid begged General Tin to tell them what the Clock people did at twelve o'clock.

A Lot Of Work

"I'll tell you," said General Tin. "At twelve o'clock sharp they all suddenly started hitting bells and gongs. Some of them blow whistles. Some of them just yelled. Some of them sprang up and down, kicking their heels together. Some of them banged tin cans. Some of them exploded paper bags. You never in all your life heard so much noise. They wanted me to stay and be their king."

"Why didn't you stay and be their king, General Tin?" asked Knarf.

General Tin shook his head. "It would have been much too much work," he said. "I would have had to keep them wound up all the time. And how could I ever get a wink of sleep with all that tick-tocking and noise-making at twelve o'clock? So I sailed away with Captain Goosefeathers and his wife. I'm here with you now."

Knarf and Hanid were glad that General Tin was with them now. "I feel just like the people of Before-Dinner," said Knarf, "they're always hungry."

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Knarf and Hanid were glad that General Tin was with them now. "I feel just like the people of Before-Dinner," said Knarf, "they're always hungry."



"Better take several. My wife is going to sing..."

YOUR BIRTHDAY ... By STELLA

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26

BORN today, you are a person of great individuality and are often called an independent "big pig in ice." You want things exactly as you want them when you want them. You never take "no" for an answer and will press forward toward your objective no matter how many obstacles are placed in your path. This rugged individualism and tenacity are both fine ideals but they can be carried to an extreme which will make life more difficult for you than it need be.

In a highly competitive world, sometimes it is good to be able to work in co-operation with others. Once you have learned to "give a little" when it comes to having your own way all the time, you may discover that there is, actually, a short cut to getting what you want.

You have a great deal of nervous energy and must be doing something all the time. Be sure that your efforts are directed in some worthwhile direction, for without a true objective, you would find yourself moving around fast but merely in a circle.

You will be happiest if you wed at an early age, for you will be most content within the close circle of your own home and family. Although you like the competition of urban living, your health suggests that you get into the country during vacation time to be near mother nature.

Among those born on this date are: Victor Hugo and Arthur Stringer, authors; Joseph Le Conte, scientist; William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill"; and John Harvey Kellogg, noted surgeon.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 27

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—An expected bit of good fortune may come your way. Make the most of it to advance your interests.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Don't crowd your Sunday with too much activity. It would be wise for you to get some much-needed rest.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—You may find that a good sermon will give you the spiritual consolation and inspiration that you need.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—If at all possible to get out into the open do so by all means. The fresh air will do you good.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Devote yourself to church attendance and any recreation appropriate to the day. Get a good rest.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Do something unusual to change your outlook on life and drive away any least tendency toward melancholy.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—It is important that you set aside a part of your time for quiet deliberation. Solve problems that way!

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—By making future plans at this time, you may open the way to considerable joy and happiness later on.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—If you are restless, it may be just a premature touch of spring fever! Getting outdoors will help.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Your church activities can bring you pleasure today. Hear a good sermon and meet some old friends.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Make this a true day of rest. You can't if you have planned well and have not left last-minute things to be done.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Remember that spiritual as well as material values are of great and lasting importance to your welfare.

BORN today, you have an exceptionally vivid imagination, have a gift for the written word and a true sense of the dramatic. You should put these talents to work for you in the field of literature—poetry, prose or drama—and in this age of radio and television, you might find them a happy medium of expression. Your sharp sense of observation and your ability for analysis are two other gifts which should prove valuable.

You have a rather restless disposition and are always wanting to be at some place where you aren't. Let your imagination carry you there, if you find it impractical to be always on the move. It is important that you learn that the "rolling stone" gathers little moss. You have to settle down if you want to be a material success.

You women, especially, have a fine sense of colour and decoration and will know how to arrange your home most harmoniously. You will probably have a flair for dressing well and your personal appearance is always neat. Although you like the world around you to be in a whirl of excitement, you, yourself, have an inner serenity which carries you through. You are a fine person to know in a crisis.

Affectionate and fond of members of the opposite sex, you will undoubtedly have several opportunities to wed. Be careful in your selection of a marriage partner; for it must be someone who has similar aims and is suited to your temperament.

Among those born on this date are: Ellen Terry and Joan Bennett, actresses; Stephen McKenna and James T. Farrell, authors; Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, poet; Jacob Elgelow, scientist; and Gene Sarazen, golf champion.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 28

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—On this last day of the month if you are not satisfied with the balance your assets and liabilities progress you have been making, and plan to do better next month.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—There is a new romance in sight. If you are interested, it could be more than a springtime fancy, but something new and interesting.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Start the new week with a positive outlook on life. To-morrow is a new month, too, so plan important things.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Good news may arrive from out of town so be prepared to celebrate in a really big way if you can, and get ready for another start.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Perhaps you can do someone a good turn today and really, for kindness in life these days, but be kind and show it. It's the staying busy keeps you from being too much.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Make preparations for the new month and whatever problems do arise may bring with the High Wind that will blow away all your troubles.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—If you are not satisfied with the progress you have been making, and plan to do better next month.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—You may have signs of spring if you are interested. It could be more than a springtime fancy, but something new and interesting.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Optimism is something that will pay exceptional dividends today. If you persist in following your star.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Wind up the past month's activities in a blaze of success, celebrate in a really big way if you can, and get ready for another start.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Make this a true day of rest. You can't if you have planned well and have not left last-minute things to be done.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Remember that spiritual as well as material values are of great and lasting importance to your welfare.

